POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE LATE

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

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MDCCXXXIII.

POEMS

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 DEC 73

AN

ODE

Hnmbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms,

M DCC VI.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur Armis. Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
73
DEC

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas *so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an* Ode; *than for any other sort of Poetry: I therefore set* HORACE *before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,*

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis Alitem, &c.

which He wrote in Praiſe of DRUSUS *after his Expedition into* GERMANY, *and of* AUGUSTUS *upon his happy Choice of That General. And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that* Ode, *I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add va-*

riouſly, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me. As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the Ode *in* Latin, *determin'd Me in* Engliſh *to the* Stanza; *and herein it was impoſſible not to have a Mind to follow Our great Countryman* SPENSER; *which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the Manner of my Expreſſion, and the Turn of my Number: Having only added one Verſe to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his Words, as I found too obſolete. I have however retain'd ſome few of them, to make the Colouring look more like* SPENSER's. Beheſt, *Command*; Band, *Army*; Proweſs, *Strength*; I weet, *I know*; I ween, *I think*; whilom, *heretofore*; *and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the* Ladies *will pardon me, and not judge my* MUSE *leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a Farthingal. I have alſo in* SPENSER's *Manner, uſed* Cæſar *for the Emperor,* Boya *for* Bavaria, Bavar *for that Prince,* Iſter *for* Danube, Iberia *for* Spain, *&c.*

That Noble Part of the Ode *which I juſt now mention'd,*

Gens, quæ Cremato Fortis ab *Ilio*
Jactata *Tuſcis* æquoribus *&c.*

where HORACE *praiſes the* Romans, *as being Deſcen-*

Deſcended from Æneas, *I have turn'd to the Honor of the* BRITISH *Nation, deſcended from* BRUTE, *likewiſe a* TROJAN. *That this* BRUTE, *Fourth or Fifth from* ÆNEAS, *ſettled in* ENGLAND, *and built* LONDON, *which he call'd* Troja Nova, *or* Troynovante, *is a Story which (I think) owes its Original if not to* GEOFFRY *of* Monmouth, *at leaſt to the* Monkiſh *Writers, yet is not rejected by Our great* CAMDEN, *and is told by* MILTON, *as if (at leaſt) He was pleas'd with it; though poſſibly he does not believe it: However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is ſufficient for our Purpoſe. It is as certain that* BRUTE *came into* ENGLAND, *as that* ÆNEAS *went into* ITALY; *and upon the Suppoſition of theſe Facts,* VIRGIL *wrote the beſt Poem that the World ever read, and* SPENSER *paid Queen* ELIZABETH *the greateſt Compliment.*

I need not obviate one piece of Criticiſm, that I bring my Hero

From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood:

whereas he was not born, when that City was deſtroy'd. VIRGIL, *in the Caſe of his own* ÆNEAS *relating to* DIDO, *will ſtand as a ſufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.*

My two Great Examples, HORACE *and* SPENSER, *in many Things reſemble each other:*

Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majeſty of Expreſſion in deſcribing the Sublime; *and both know to temper thoſe Talents, and ſweeten the Deſcription, ſo as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally That agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and that* Curioſa Felicitas *in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and ſo very few have reach'd: Both are particularly fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our two Maſters to the Conſideration and Study of thoſe who deſign to Excel in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted* PARNASSUS, *and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; though I thought my ſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent Occaſion, to take a little Journey into Thoſe Parts.*

An O D E,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

Q U E E N.

I.

WHEN Great Augustus govern'd Antient Rome,
And ſent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at Home,
He ſaw his Fame increaſing with his Years;
Horace, Great Bard (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe;
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Proſe,
And ſet their Battles in Eternal Light:
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he ſtrung;
And with his Prince's Arms He moraliz'd his Song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's State,
Widely diſtributing Her high Commands;
And boldly Wiſe, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;

An equal Genius was in SPENSER found:
Tó the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays:
He travell'd ENGLAND o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Myſtic Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praiſe:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleaſing Dreams,
He deck'd ELIZA's Head with GLORIANA's Beams.

III.

But, Greateſt ANNA! while Thy Arms purſue
Paths of Renown, and climb Aſcents of Fame,
Which nor AUGUSTUS, nor ELIZA knew;
What Poet ſhall be found to ſing Thy Name?
What Numbers ſhall record, what Tongue ſhall ſay
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
O Faireſt Model of Imperial Sway!
What Equal Pen ſhall write thy wond'rous Reign?
Who ſhall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearſe,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a Task I weet:
Yet if the Sov'reign Lady deigns to Smile,
I'll follow HORACE with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verſe in SPENSER's Native Style.
By theſe Examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with Pleaſure of my Country's Praiſe,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as OLYMPUS I my Flight will raiſe:
And lateſt Times ſhall in my Numbers read
ANNA's Immortal Fame, and MARLBRÔ's hardy Deed.

V.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage, and hoſtile Care,

Plays

Plays round the rocky Cliff, or cryſtal Flood;
'Till by JOVE's high Beheſts call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing;
And tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift He collects his fatal Stock of Ire;
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor MARLBRO ſate,
Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land;
'Till ANNA calls Him from his ſoft Retreat,
And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.
Then leaving ſweet Repoſe, and gentle Eaſe,
With ardent Speed He ſeeks the diſtant Foe:
Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous Blow.
Our Thought flies ſlower than Our General's Fame:
Graſps He the Bolt? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the [Flame.

VII.

When fierce BAVAR on JUDOIGN's ſpacious Plain
Did from afar the BRITISH Chief behold;
Betwixt Deſpair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Boſom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom He had met on ISTER's Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe Proweſs there repell'd the BOYAN Pow'r;
And ſent them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives ARABIA's ſcatter'd Sands.

VIII. His

VIII.

His former Loſſes He forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would ſhine, and only give Him leave
To Balance the Account of BLENHEIM's Day.
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side ſtill ſmarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In ſullen Fury traverſes the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battle Him again.

IX.

Miſguided Prince! no longer urge Thy Fate,
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confeſs the Force of MARLBRO's ſtronger Star.
Thoſe Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
Which Thou from MAHOMET didſt greatly gain.
While bold Aſſertor of reſiſtleſs Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy Brow their falling Honors ſhed;
And their tranſplanted Wreaths muſt deck a worthier [Head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confeſs:
'Tis Thou art chang'd; while Heav'n is ſtill the ſame:
From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Succeſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds Her equal Scales;
'Till ſtronger Virtue does the Weight incline:
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now defends the Cauſe, that once was Thine.

Right-

Righteous the War, the Champion ſhall ſubdue;
For JOVE's great Handmaid POWER, muſt JOVE's De-
[crees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets ſound their ſhrill Alarms:
AUVERQUERQUE, branch'd from the renown'd NASSAUS,
Hoary in War, and bent beneath hs Arms,
His Glorious Sword with Dauntleſs Courage draws,
When anxious BRITAIN mourn'd her parting Lord,
And all of WILLIAM that was Mortal Dy'd;
The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
From his expiring Maſter's much-lov'd Side.
Oft from it's fatal Ire has LOUIS flown,
[BRE run.
Where-e'er Great WILLIAM led, or MAESE and SAM-

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud GAUL, behold thy juſteſt Fear,
The Maſter Sword, Diſpoſer of thy Power:
'Tis that which CÆSAR gave the BRITISH Peer.
He took the Gift: Nor ever will I ſheath
This Steel (ſo ANNA's high Beheſts ordain)
The General ſaid, unleſs by Glorious Death
Abſolv'd, 'till Conqueſt has confirm'd Your Reign.
Returns like theſe our Miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift her BRITONS take.

XIII.

And now fierce GALLIA ruſhes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the BOYAN Bands:
So VOLGA's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' RUSSIA's Lands.

Like,

Like two great Rocks againſt the raging Tide
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Suſtain the Impulſe, and receive the War.
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming Wave with leſſen'd Power re-
[treats.

XIV.

The Rage diſpers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War, and tell aggreſſing FRANCE,
How BRITAIN's Sons, and BRITAIN's Friends can fight.
On Conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold them ruſhing thro' the GALLIC Hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding Corn ſo runs the ſudden Flame,
Or Eaſtern Winds along SICILIA's Coaſt.
They deal their Terrors to the adverſe Nation:
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghaſtly Deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt Ire BELLONA glows;
And EUROPE rather Hopes than Fears her Fate;
While BRITAIN preſſes her afflicted Foes;
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The Hoſtile Troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the Purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
Fonanxious, lo! They croud around their falling Chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce BAVAR;
Let BOYA's Trumpet grateful Iö's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their Thunderbolt of War: ———
Ever to Vengeance ſacred be the Ground ———
Vain Wiſh! ſhort Joy! the Hero mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
The Ev'ning Star ſo falls into the Main,
To riſe at Morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loſs, a faithful Servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious MARS! the Battle is regain'd:
The Foe with leſſen'd Wrath diſputes the Field:
The BRITON fights, by fav'ring Gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs Power muſt yield.
Vain now the Tales which fabling Poets tell,
That wav'ring CONQUEST ſtill deſires to rove!
In MARLBRÔ's Camp the Goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
Again FRANCE flies: again the Duke purſues:
And on RAMILIA's Plains He BLENHEIM's Fame renews.

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice:
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To ANNE, to Her who made thoſe Arms Her Choice.
Recording SCHELLENBERG's, and BLENHEIM's Toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with GALLIC Spoils;
And in thoſe Spoils We thought thy Praiſe compleat:

For

For never GREEK, we deem'd, nor ROMAN Knight,
In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of Ease, Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone. [staid,
Those Heights, where WILLIAM's Virtue might have
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,
By MARLBRO pass'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's Renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone re-
[main'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd RUMOR told the mighty GAUL,
How lessen'd from the Field BAVAR was fled;
He wept the Swiftness of the Champion's Fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker said:
And lives He yet, the Great, the lost BAVAR,
Ruin to GALLIA, in the Name of Friend?
Tell Me, how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thousand lost, [Coast?
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard our shatter'd

XXI.

To the close Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the rising Eagle cuts the Air:
The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse Roar proclaims the Lion near.

Ill-ſtarr'd did We our Forts and Lines forſake,
To dare our BRITISH Foes to open Fight:
Our Conqueſt We by Stratagem ſhould make:
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight.
'Tis Ours, by Craft and by Surprize to gain:
'Tis Theirs, to meet in Arms, and Battle in the Plain.

XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hoſtile Brood,
Their boaſted BRUTE, undaunted ſnatch'd his Gods
From burning TROY, and XANTHUS red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver THAMES his dire Abodes;
And this be TROYNOVANTE, He ſaid, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your laſting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither GREECE, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great PLEIDES' Arm, nor JUNO's Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their TUDORS hence, and STUART's Off-ſpring flow:
Hence EDWARD, dreadful with his Sable Shield,
TALBOT to GALLIA's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And SEYMOUR, fam'd in Council, or in Field:
Hence NEVIL, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And DRAKE, and CA'NDISH, Terrors of the Sea:
Hence BUTLER's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
HERBERT's, and CHURCHILL's Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which GALLIA ſhould conceal:
For oh! Who vanquiſh'd, loves the Victor's Fame to [tell?

XXIV. En-

XXIV.

Envy'd BRITANNIA, ſturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and ſprouts againſt the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And as Thoſe Teeth, which CADMUS ſow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furniſh'd freſh Supplies:
So with young Vigor, and ſucceeding Birth,
Her Loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate Pow'r, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce SAXON, nor the cruel DANE,
Nor deep Impreſſion of the NORMAN Steel,
Nor EUROPE's Force amaſs'd by envious SPAIN,
Nor FRANCE on univerſal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own inteſtine Feuds, and mutual Jars;
Thoſe Feuds and Jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my Troops, and Fleets, and all the GALLIC [Pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful RHEIMS, or fair LUTETIA's Gate
What Tidings ſhall the Meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Succeſs relate,
Or mitred Prieſt appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praiſes they no more muſt Sing;
They to my Statue now muſt Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the GALLIC Pow'r-----

The

The *Woman Chief* is Maſter of the War: [Pray'r.
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquiſh'd Heav'n by

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Deſpair commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
What ſhall thy Subjects ſay, and what Thy Friends?
How ſhall Thy Triumphs in our Joy be ſeen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldeſt of the NINE
Recite BRITANNIA Great, and GALLIA Free:
Oh! with her Siſter SCULPTURE let her join
To raiſe, Great ANNE, the Monument to Thee;
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring;
To Thee, our deareſt Dread; to Thee, our ſofter KING.

XXVIII.

Let EUROPE ſav'd the Column high erect,
Than TRAJAN's higher, or than ANTONINE's;
Where ſembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Deſigns.
In a calm Heav'n, and a ſerener Air,
Sublime the QUEEN ſhall on the Summit ſtand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall ſink beneath Her Feet, and ſpread their Rage be-
[low.

XXIX.

There Fleets ſhall ſtrive by Winds and Waters toſt;
'Till the young AUSTRIAN on IBERIA's Strand,
Great as ÆNEAS on the LATIAN Coaſt,
Shall fix his Foot: and This, be This the Land,

Great

Great JOVE, where I for ever will remain
(The Empire's other Hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, Intomb'd I'll lie; or Crown'd, I'll Reign--
O Virtue, to thy BRITISH Mother dear!
Like the fam'd TROJAN ſuffer and abide;
For ANNE is Thine, I ween, as VENUS was His Guide.

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
VIGO, and GIBRALTAR, and BARCELONE,
Their Force deſtroy'd, their Privileges ſav'd,
Shall ANNA's Terrors, and Her Mercies own:
SPAIN, from th' Uſurper BOURBON's Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
Whom ANNA clad in Arms, and ſent to War;
Whom ANNA ſent to claim IBERIA's Throne:
And made Him more than King, in calling Him her [Son.

XXXI.

There ISTHER pleas'd, by BLENHEIM's glorious Field
Rolling, ſhall bid his Eaſtern Waves declare
GERMANIA ſav'd by BRITAIN's ample Shield,
And bleeding GAUL afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid Them mention MARLBRO', on that Shore
Leading his Iſlanders renown'd in Arms,
Thro' Climes, where never BRITISH Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or ſounded his Alarms:
Shall bid Them bleſs the QUEEN, who made his Streams
Glorious as thoſe of BOYN, and ſafe as thoſe of THAMES.

XXXII. BRA-

XXXII.

BRABANTIA, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
With decent Joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet; [Pow'rs,
Shall own Thy Arms, Great QUEEN, and bleſs Thy
Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subject's Feet.
FLANDRIA, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to CHARLES reſtor'd;
With double Vows ſhall bleſs Thy happy Care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the Sword.
From theſe their Siſter Provinces ſhall know,
How ANNE ſupports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and creſted Helms, and pointed Spears
In artful Piles around the Work ſhall lie;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Signs of GALLIC Heraldry;
And Standards with diſtinguiſh'd Honors bright,
Marks of high Pow'r and National Command,
Which VALOIS' Sons, and BOURBON's bore in Fight,
Or gave to FOIX', or MONTMORANCY's Hand:
Great Spoils, which GALLIA muſt to BRITAIN yield,
From CRESSY's Battle ſav'd, to grace RAMILIA's Field.

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye ſhall ſee
Thy Emblem, Gracious QUEEN, the BRITISH Roſe,
Type of ſweet Rule, and gentle Majeſty:
The NORTHERN Thiſtle, whom no Hoſtile Hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
HIBERNIA's Harp, Device of Her Command,
And Parent of Her Mirth, ſhall there be ſeen: Thy

Thy vanquiſh'd Lillies, FRANCE, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd Pomp the laſting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great QUEEN, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Baſe,
To ſave Her ſelf from Darkneſs, and from Death,
That MUSE deſires the laſt, the loweſt Place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String;
For the fair Fame of ANNE and ALBION's Land,
Who durſt of War and Martial Fury Sing:
And when Thy Will, and when thy Subject's Hand
Had quell'd thoſe Wars, and bid that Fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conqueſt, and to Peace.

CANTATA.

Set by Monſieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers ſtrung,
HORACE, immortal Bard, ſupinely laid,
To VENUS thus addreſs'd the Song:
Ten thouſand little LOVES around
Liſt'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

ARIET.

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.
Youth on ſilent Wings is flown:
Graver Years come rolling on.

Spare

Spare my Age, unfit for Arms:
Safe and Humble let Me reſt,
From all Am'rous Care releas'd.
Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, VENUS, why do I each Morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for CLOE's Hair?
Why, do I all Day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous Maid be nigh?
And why all Night purſue Her in my Dreams,
Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Cryſtal Streams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to LOVE's imperious Yoke:
Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage:
Compell'd by Me Thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid Thy deſtin'd Lyre diſcover
Soft Deſire, and gentle Pain:
Often praiſe, and always love Her:
Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and Sighs ſhall move Her:
CUPID does with PHOEBUS reign.

Her Right Name.

AS NANCY at Her Toilet ſat,
Admiring This, and blaming That;
Tell Me, She ſaid; but tell Me true;
The Nymph who cou'd your Heart ſubdue,
What Sort of Charms does She poſſeſs?
Abſolve Me Fair One: I'll confeſs;
With Pleaſure I reply'd. Her Hair,
In Ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her I'vry Boſom roll,
And hiding Half, adorns the Whole.
In her high Forehead's fair half-round
LOVE ſits in open Triumph crown'd:
He in the Dimple of her Chin,
In private State by Friends is ſeen.
Her Eyes are neither black, nor gray;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:
Their dubious Luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
May ſay, how Red, how Round, how Sweet:
Old HOMER only cou'd indite
Their vagrant Grace, and ſoft Delight:
They ſtand Recorded in his Book,
When HELEN ſmil'd, and HEBE ſpoke——
The Gipſy turning to her Glaſs,
Too plainly ſhow'd, She knew the Face:

And

And which I am moſt like, She ſaid,
Your CLOE, or Your *Nut-brown Maid?*

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the ſureſt Guide,
You can name, to ſhow the Way
To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my Virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays ROSE, I'll die:
Behind the Elmes, laſt Night, cry'd DICK,
ROSE, were You not extreamly Sick?

ANOTHER.

TEN Months after FLORIMEL happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed:
She warbl'd Her Groans with ſo charming a Voice,
That one half of the Pariſh was ſtun'd with the Noiſe.

But when FLORIMEL deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten Months before She and her Spouſe were-akin;
She choſe with ſuch Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurſe, nay her Midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half ſuch a Tumult, as Wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON His Death-Bed poor LUBIN lies;
His Spouſe is in Deſpair:
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They both expreſs their Care.

A diff'rent Cauſe, ſays Parſon SLY,
The ſame Effect may give:
Poor LUBIN fears, that He ſhall Die;
His Wife, that He may Live.

Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own Native FRANCE as old ALISON paſt,
She reproach'd *Engliſh* NELL with Neglect or with Malice,
That the Slattern had left in the Hurry and Haſt,
Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at CALAIS.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

HER Eye-brow-Box one Morning loſt,
(The beſt of Folks are oft'neſt croſt)
Sad HELEN thus to JENNY ſaid,
Her careleſs but afflicted Maid;
Put me to Bed then, wretched JANE:
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no Mortal now:
For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the ſame Subject.

IN a dark Corner of the Houſe
Poor HELEN ſits, and ſobs and cries:
She will not ſee her Loving Spouſe,
Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies:
Unleſs She finds her Eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her Eyes.

On the Same.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into Bed:
Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay:
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune careleſs JANE,
Aſſure your ſelf was loudly rated:
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouſe-Trap baited.

On little Things, as Sages write,
Depends our Human Joy, or Sorrow:
If we don't catch a Mouſe To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

PHYLLIS's AGE.

HOW old may PHYLLIS be, You ask,
Whoſe Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To Anſwer is no eaſie Task:
For She has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face;
And PHYLLIS is but Twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aſide,
At Night Aſtronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And PHYLLIS is ſome Forty-three.

Forma

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron LE CRAS,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs:
And ſcarcely had He ſpoke it;
When She more confus'd, as more angry She grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.

A Critical Moment.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor NELL?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Noſe fell.

An EPIGRAM.
Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the Concern which You expreſs,
That uncall'd ALARD will poſſeſs
Your Houſe and Coach, both Day and Night,
And that MACKBETH was haunted leſs
By BANQUO's reſtleſs Spright.

With Fifteen Thouſand Pound a Year,
Do You complain, You cannot bear

An Ill, You may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good ALARD, faith, is modeſter
By much, than You believe.

Lend Him but fifty *Louis' d'or*;
And You ſhall never ſee Him more:
Take the Advice; *Probatum eſt.*
Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
But to ſecure our Reſt?

EPILOGUE *to* PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, *who acted* Iſmena.

LADIES, To-night your Pity I implore
For one, who never troubled You before:
An OXFORD-Man, extreamly read in GREEK
Who from EURIPIDES makes PHÆDRA ſpeak;
And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thouſand Years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your Play:
I'gad! We know all that, as well as They:
Show Us the youthful, handſome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the antient GRECIAN Dames:
Ev'ry ISMENA would reſign her Breaſt;
And ev'ry dear HIPPOLYTUS be bleſt.

But

But, as it is, Six flouncing FLANDERS Mares
Are e'en as good, as any Two of Theirs:
And if HIPPOLYTUS can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot; JOHN can drive.
Now of the Buſtle You have ſeen To-day,
And PHÆDRA's Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at leaſt in Juſtice ſhould be ſaid:
But this HIPPOLYTUS ſo fills One's Head——
Well! PHÆDRA liv'd as chaſtly as She cou'd;
For ſhe was Father JOVE's own Fleſh and Blood.
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated:
She and her POLY were too near related:
And yet that Scruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt THESEUS had but fairly dy'd:
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters ſtood in *Statu quo?*
There was no harm, You ſee; or grant there were:
She might want Conduct; but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little leſs than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude——
He ſhould have ſent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at ſuch an Hour:
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jeſt;
Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Reſt;
The *Picquet*-Friend diſmiſs'd, the Coaſt all clear,
And Spouſe alone impatient for her Dear.
But if theſe gay Reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty PHÆDRA from her Fate;
If your more ſerious Judgment muſt condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:

Yet, Ye chaſte Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care:
My Spotleſs Flames to your Protection take;
And ſpare poor PHÆDRA for ISMENA's ſake.

EPILOGUE *to* *LUCIUS.*

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites To-day,
Truſts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
Like Father BAYES ſecurely She ſits down:
Pit, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In antient GREECE, She ſays, when SAPPHO writ,
By their Applauſe the Critics ſhow'd their Wit.
They tun'd their Voices to her LYRIC String;
Tho' they cou'd All do ſomething more, than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find;
That Booby PHAON only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind.
From SAPPHO down thro' all ſucceeding Ages,
And now on FRENCH, or on ITALIAN Stages,
Rough Satyrs, ſly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear Breeches.
Arm'd with LONGINUS, or with RAPIN, no Man
Drew a ſharp Pen upon a Naked Woman.
The bluſt'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets:

Fear-

Fearleſs the Petticoat contemns his Frowns:
The Hoop ſecures, whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-color'd Gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love:
And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suſpend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.
Now Sirs ———
To You our Author makes Her ſoft Requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt.
Your *Sympathetic* Hearts She hopes to move,
From tender Friendſhip, and endearing Love.
If PETRARCH's Muſe did LAURA's Wit rehearſe;
And COWLEY flatter'd dear ORINDA's Verſe;
She hopes from You---Pox take her Hopes and Fears;
I plead her Sex's Claim: what matters Hers?
By Our full Pow'r of Beauty We think fit,
To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit:
We'll try the Empire You ſo long have boaſted;
And if We are not Prais'd, We'll not be Toaſted.
Approve what One of us preſents To-night;
Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here ſhall write:
Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
We'll write to You, and make you write in Rhime;
Female Remarks ſhall take up all Your Time.
Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money;
Female Third Days ſhall come ſo thick upon Ye.
As long as We have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
We'll Look, or Write, or Talk You All to Death.
Unleſs Ye yield for Better and for Worſe:
Then the She-PEGASUS ſhall gain the Courſe;
And the Grey Mare will prove the better Horſe.

THE

THIEF *and the* CORDELIER,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of

King JOHN, *and the* ABBOT *of* CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at PARIS, muſt needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave:
Where Honor and Juſtice moſt odly contribute,
To eaſe Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has His own;
But my Hearers cry out; What a duce doſt Thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections; and give Us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas

'Twas there then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs, to back a bad Cauſe,
A NORMAN, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And Who to aſſiſt, but a grave CORDELIER?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte, that the Show ſhou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loth to Depart.
Derry down, &c.

[Prieſt:
What frightens You thus, my good Son? ſays the
You Murder'd, are Sorry, and have been Confeſt.
O Father! My Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murder'd, but that I was Taken.
Derry down, &c.

[Fancies:
Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with ſuch
Rely on the Aid You ſhall have from Saint FRANCIS:
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Cheſt;
You have only to Die: let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee You afraid;
It reflects upon Me; as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow?
And Things will go better, believe Me, To-Morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up.
For You ſurely To-night ſhall in PARADISE Sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I ſhall have little Stomach to Eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great Favor, and Grace;
Would You be ſo kind, as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our Actions, You know, with our Duty muſt ſuit,
The Feaſt, I propos'd to You, I cannot taſte:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, He ſaid;
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome Blade:
For Thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie;
And We Live by the Gold for which other Men Die.
Derry down, &c.

An *EPITAPH.*

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie Saunt'ring JACK, and Idle JOAN.
While rolling Threeſcore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courſes run;
If Human Things went Ill or Well;
If changing Empires roſe or fell;
The Morning paſt, the Evening came,
And found this Couple ſtill the ſame.
They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks: What then?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the Night away:
They did juſt Nothing all the Day:
And having bury'd Children Four,
Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Siſter either had, nor Brother;
They ſeem'd juſt Tally'd for each other.
Their Moral and Oeconomy
Moſt perfectly They made agree:
Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,
Nor Treſpaſs'd on the other's Ground.
Nor Fame, nor Cenſure They regarded:
They neither Puniſh'd, nor Rewarded.
He car'd not what the Footmen did:
Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid:

So

So ev'ry Servant took his Courſe:
And bad at Firſt, They all grew worſe.
Slothful Diſorder fill'd His Stable;
And ſluttiſh Plenty deck'd Her Table.
Their Beer was ſtrong; Their Wine was *Port*;
Their Meal was large; Their Grace was ſhort.
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the Church and Pariſh Rate;
And took, but read not the Receit:
For which they claim their *Sunday*'s Due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects ſought They to know;
So never made themſelves a Foe.
No Man's good Deeds did They commend;
So never rais'd Themſelves a Friend.
Nor cheriſh'd They Relations poor:
That might decreaſe their preſent Store:
Nor Barn nor Houſe did they repair:
That might oblige Their future Heir.

They neither Added, nor Confounded:
They neither Wanted, nor Abounded.
Each *Chriſtmas* They Accompts did clear;
And wound their Bottom round the Year.
Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
At News of Publick Grief, or Joy.
When Bells were Rung, and Bonefires made;
If ask'd, They ne'er deny'd their Aid:
Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd;
Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd.

Their Billet at the Fire was found;
Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wiſe;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd adviſe:
Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
They led----a kind of---as it were:
Nor Wiſh'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd:
And ſo They liv'd; and ſo They dy'd.

HORACE Lib. I. Epiſt. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.

Imitated.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. *HARLEY.*

DEAR DICK, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes as firmly as He does his Creed.
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain MAT, You *Miniſter of State.*
One Word from Me, without all doubt, He ſays,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in ſome little Place.
Thus better than My ſelf, it ſeems, He knows
How far my Intereſt with my Patron goes;

And

And anſwering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Miſtake.
From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee, and dread;
That I, in Fact, a real Intereſt have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd ſave,
And, with the uſual Courtier's Trick, intend
To ſerve My ſelf, forgetful of my Friend.
To ſhun this Cenſure, I all Shame lay by;
And make my Reaſon with his Will comply;
Hoping for my Excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two Evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, SIR, with this Epiſtolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmoſt Soul:
Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cauſe,
Warm in the Glorious Intereſt You purſue,
And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.

To Mr. *HARLEY.*

Wounded by GUISCARD. 1711.

——— *ab ipſo*
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

I.

IN one great *Now*, Superior to an Age,
The full Extremes of Nature's Force We find:
How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt; or Rage
Infernal, how degrade the Human Mind.

II. While

II.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal ſtand;
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:
Guile in his Tongue, and Murther in his Hand,
He ſtabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

III.

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs BRITON ſcarce perceives:
The Wounds His Country from His Death muſt feel,
The PATRIOT views; for thoſe alone He grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous Rage that durſt attempt Thy Life,
HARLEY, great Counſellor, extends Thy Fame:
And the ſharp Point of cruel GUISCARD's Knife,
In Braſs and Marble carves Thy deathleſs Name.

V.

Faithful Aſſertor of Thy Country's Cauſe,
BRITAIN with Tears ſhall bath thy glorious Wound:
She for thy Safety ſhall enlarge Her Laws;
And in Her Statutes ſhall Thy Worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt Her Sighs She Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of Her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANNA's Care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with ſacrificing Breath
Softens Thy Anguiſh: In Her pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death.

VIII. Great

VIII.

Great as Thou art, Thou canſt demand no more,
O Breaſt bewail'd by Earth, preſerv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar:
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n.

An *Extempore* INVITATION TO THE EARL of *OXFORD*, Lord HIGH TREASURER. 1712.

My LORD,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW's Palace, in *Duke-ſtreet*,
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine:
If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN truſts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Stateſman, may'ſt deſcend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;
To ſee Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the ſprightly Bowl:
Among the Gueſts, which e'er my Houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof-------
Tho' DORSET us'd to bleſs the Roof.

Erle

Erle *ROBERT*'s MICE.

In CHAUCER's *Style.*

TWAY Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beſide Erle ROBERT's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fiſh;
Feaſt-lyche as Heart of Mouſe mote wiſh.
As Gueſts ſat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftſoons the Lord
Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
Who maketh oft Propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud He cry'd,
To MATTHEW ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
To Thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe Creatures Tweine.
Come frame Us now ſome clean Device,
Or playſant Rhime on yonder Mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield Me, MAT. and CHARLES.
Bad as Sir TOPAZ, or Squire QUARLES
(MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
At Emblem, or Device am I:
But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme, pardie,
Clear as *Dan* CHAUCER, or as Thee:
Ne Verſe from Me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On Mouſe, or other Beaſt alive.
Certes, I have theſe many Days
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.

Ne

Ne Armed Knight ydrad in War
With Lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne Judge unjuſt, with furred Fox,
Harming in ſecret Guiſe the Flocks:
Ne Prieſt unworth of Goddeſs Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.
Elk Similè farewell for aye,
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.
Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
MATTHEW is angred on the Spleen..
Ne ſo, quoth MAT. ne ſhall be e'er,
With Wit that falleth all ſo fair:
Eftſoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by theſe Creatures Ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
The reſt in Order to explain.
That Cup-board, where the Mice diſport,
I liken to St. * STEPHEN's Court: * Exchequer
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may Both be fed
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
And when, as theſe mine Eyen ſurvey,
They ceaſe to skip, and ſqueak and play;
Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING One, whilſt t'other TELLS.
Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whoſe Mind,
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;

Now

Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious Pray?
Let that be wrought which MAT. doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not To-day.

In the ſame Style.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine:
But TOPAZ his own Werke rehearſeth;
And MAT. mote praiſe what TOPAZ verſeth.
Now ſure as Prieſt did e'er ſhrive Sinner,
Full hardly earneth MAT. his Dinner.

In the ſame Style.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well menteine.
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.
Had thilke ſame Tale in other Guiſe been tolde;
Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde;
That, by St. KIT, had wrought much ſorer Tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were ſwilk Denyal.

A FLOWER

Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd VARELST this little Wonder drew;
FLORA vouchſaf'd the growing Work to view:
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
And finiſhing the Piece, She ſmiling ſaid:
Behold One Work of Mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

TO THE

Lady *ELIZABETH HARLEY,*

Since Marchioneſs of CARMARTHEN,

On a Column of Her Drawing.

WHEN future Ages ſhall with Wonder view
Theſe glorious Lines, which HARLEY's Daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs, that BRITAIN could not raiſe
A fairer Column to the Father's Praiſe.

PRO-

PROTOGENES *and* APELLES.

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the View:
Ere GOTHICK Forms were known in GREECE,
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd Piece:
And in our Verſe ere Monkiſh Rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantaſtick Chimes:
Ere on the flow'ry Lands of RHODES
Thoſe Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
PROTOGENES, Hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a Burgeſs Scot and Lot;
And, as old PLINY's Writings ſhow,
APELLES did the ſame at CO.
Agreed theſe Points of Time and Place,
Proceed We in the preſent Caſe.
Picqu'd by PROTOGENES's Fame,
From CO to RHODES APELLES came;
To ſee a Rival and a Friend,
Prepar'd to Cenſure, or Commend,
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As Art with Candor might direct.
He ſails, He lands, He comes, He rings:
His Servants follow with the Things:
Appears the Governante of th' Houſe:
For ſuch in GREECE were much in uſe:

If Young or Handſom, Yea or No,
Concerns not Me, or Thee to know.
Does 'Squire PROTOGENES live here?
Yes, Sir, ſays She with gracious Air,
And Curt'ſey low; but juſt call'd out
By Lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our VENUS, for the Feaſt To-morrow.
To grace the Church: 'tis VENUS' Day:
I hope, Sir, You intend to ſtay,
To ſee our VENUS: 'tis the Piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all GREECE,
So like th' Original, they ſay:
But I have no great Skill that Way.
But, Sir, at Six ('tis now paſt Three)
DROMO muſt make my Maſter's Tea:
At Six, Sir, if You pleaſe to come,
You'll find my Maſter, Sir, at Home.
Tea, ſays a Critic big with Laughter,
Was found ſome twenty Ages after:
Authors, before they write, ſhou'd read.
'Tis very true; but We'll proceed.
And, Sir, at preſent wou'd you pleaſe
To leave your Name-------Fair Maiden, yes.
Reach me that Board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious Stroke,
On the plain Ground APELLES drew
A Circle regularly true:
And will you pleaſe, Sweet-heart, ſaid He,
To ſhew your Maſter this from Me?

By

By it He preſently will know,
How Painters write their Names at Co.
He gave the Pannel to the Maid.
Smiling and Curt'ſing, Sir, She ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my Maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all Diſaſter,
I'll keep it my own ſelf: Safe bind,
Says the old Proverb, and Safe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as Key or Lock------
Your Servant Sir----------at Six a Clock.
Again at Six APELLES came;
Found the ſame prating civil Dame.
Sir, that my Maſter has been here,
Will by the Board it ſelf appear.
If from the perfect Line He found,
He has preſum'd to ſwell the Round,
Or Colors on the Draught to lay;
'Tis thus (He order'd me to ſay)
Thus write the Painters of this Iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the Style.
She ſaid; and to his Hand reſtor'd
The rival Pledge, the Miſſive Board.
Upon the happy Line were laid
Such obvious Light, and eaſie Shade;
That PARIS' Apple ſtood confeſt,
Or LEDA's Egg, or CLOE's Breaſt.
APELLES view'd the finiſh'd Piece;
And Live, ſaid He, the Arts of GREECE!
Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our Rival Talents vie;

Howe'er our Works may have expreſs'd,
Who trueſt drew, or color'd beſt;
When He beheld my flowing Line;
He found at leaſt I cou'd deſign:
And from his artful Round, I grant,
That He with perfect Skill can paint.
The dulleſt GENIUS cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd Part of Men,
With Compaſs, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in Life's Viſit leave their Name,
In Characters, which may proclaim,
That They with Ardor ſtrove to raiſe
At once their Arts, and Country's Praiſe;
And in their Working took gteat Care,
That all was Full, and Round, and Fair.

DEMOCRITUS
AND
HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear Droll, reviſit Earth,
And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth:
Sad HERACLITUS, ſerious Wretch, return,
In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn.
Between You both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and Honeſt, need I cry?

For

For my own Tombſtone.

TO Me 'twas giv'n to die: to Thee 'tis giv'n
To live: Alas! one Moment ſets us ev'n.
Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n?

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS
Ad Amicos.

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
ARCTOA florens Sophiâ, SAMIISQUE ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, Animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles mollitèr ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint DITIS Numina, nulla JOVIS.
Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſuperſtes, Homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis,

His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil eſſe velit:
Nam Sophia Ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſy Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the GRECIAN Dictates ſay,
And SAMIAN Sounds o'er SCOTIA's Hills convey.
When mortal Man reſigns his tranſient Breath;
The Body only I give o'er to Death.
The Parts diſſolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn:
What came from Earth, I ſee to Earth return.
The Immaterial Part, th' Æthereal Soul,
Nor can Change vanquiſh, nor can Death controul.
Glad I releaſe it from it's Partner's Cares;
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
Then in the flowing Bowl I drown thoſe Sighs,
Which, Spight of Wiſdom, from our Weakneſs riſe.
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend.
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor PLUTO's Rage there be, nor Pow'r of JOVE;
On its dark Side if Thou the Proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black LETHE's Lake:

In

In total Death ſuppoſe the Mortal lie,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky:
Yet bear thy Lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, ere Death comes, doſt Thou forbear to live?
The little Time Thou haſt, 'twixt Inſtant NOW
And Fate's Approach, is All the Gods allow:
And of this little haſt Thou ought to ſpare
To ſad Reflection, and corroding Care?
The Moments paſt, if Thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant Mem'ry of the Bliſs they gave.
The pleaſant Hours in preſent Mirth imploy;
And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy,
The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by Fate's Decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee.

The firſt HYMN of *CALLIMACHUS.*

TO

JUPITER.

WHILE we to JOVE ſelect the holy Victim,
Whom apter ſhall we ſing, than JOVE himſelf,
The God for ever Great, for ever King;
Who ſlew the Earth-born Race, and meaſures Right
To Heav'ns great Habitants? DICTÆAN hear'ſt Thou

More joyful, or LYCÆAN, long Diſpute
And various Thought has trac'd. On IDA's Mount
Or DICTE, ſtudious of his Country's Praiſe,
The CRETAN boaſts Thy Natal Place: but oft
He meets Reproof deſerv'd: for He preſumptuous
Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame To-day and Ever.
ARCADIAN therefore be Thy Birth: Great RHEA
Pregnant to high PARRHASIA's Cliffs retir'd,
And wild LYCÆUS, black with ſhading Pines:
Holy Retreat! Sithence no Female hither,
Conſcious of Social Love and Nature's Rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior Reptile
To Woman, Form Divine. There the bleſt Parent
Ungirt her ſpacious Boſom, and diſcharg'd
The pond'rous Birth; She ſought a neighb'ring Spring
To waſh the recent Babe: In vain: ARCADIA,
(However ſtreamy now) aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the Goddeſs Water: where deep MELAS,
And rocky CRATIS flow, the Chariot ſmoak'd
Obſcure with riſing Duſt: the thirſty Trav'ler
In vain requir'd the Current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous Caverns: Foreſts grew
Upon the barren Hollows, high o'erſhading
The Haunts of Savage Beaſts, where now IAON,
And ERIMANTH incline their friendly Urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great RHEA ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy Pangs: She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her Arm, and with her Sceptre ſtruck
The yawning Cliff: from its diſparted Height

Adown

Adown the Mount the guſhing Torrent ran,
And chear'd the Vallies: There the Heav'nly Mother
Bath'd, mighty King, Thy tender Limbs: She wrapt
In purple Bands: She gave the precious Pledge [them
To prudent NEDA, charging her to guard Thee,
Careful and ſecret: NEDA, of the Nymphs
That tended the great Birth, next PHILYRE
And STYX, the eldeſt. Smiling She receiv'd Thee,
And conſcious of the Grace, abſolv'd her Truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name: fair NEDA rowls
By LEPRION's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream.
Faſt by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.
Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought: the Nymphs
And COR[illegible]YBANTES T[illegible]ee their ſacred Charge
Receiv'd: ADRASTE[illegible]ck'd Thy golden Cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-Stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reach'd her Teat diſtent
With Milk, Thy early Food: the ſedulous Bee
Diſtill'd her Honey on Thy purple Lips.
Around the fierce CURETES (Order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing Mother!) trod tumultuous
Their Myſtic Dance, and chang'd their ſounding Arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike Din to quell
Thy Infant-Cries, and mock the Ear of SATURN.
Swift Growth and wond'rous Grace, O heav'nly JOVE,
Waited Thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit,
And perfect Judgment crown'd Thy youthful Act.

That SATURN's Sons receiv'd the three-fold Empire.
Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,
Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of Moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, Thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainſt Sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverſe Scale, and ſhuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance, but Pow'r, above Thy Brethren
Exalted Thee, their King. When Thy great Will
Commands Thy Chariot forth; impetuous Strength,
And fiery Swiftneſs wing the rapid Wheels,
Inceſſant; high the Eagle flies before Thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult Thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let Thy Fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the Right.

Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r; Thy own great JOVE,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labor
The ſweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend ſtubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armor,
Acknowledge VULCAN's Aid. The early Hunter
Bleſſes DIANA's Hand, who leads Him ſafe
O'er hanging Cliffs; who ſpreads his Net ſucceſsful,
And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart.
The ſoldier from ſucceſsful Camps returning,
With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile Spoil,
Severs the Bull to MARS. The ſkilful Bard,
Striking the THRACIAN Harp, invokes APOLLO,
To make his Hero and Himſelf Immortal.

Thoſe

Thoſe, mighty JOVE, mean time, Thy glorious Care,
Who model Nations, publiſh Laws, anounce
Or Life or Death, and found or change the Empire.
Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of JOVE.
And as their Actions tend ſubordinate
To what Thy Will deſigns, Thou giv'ſt the Means
Proportion'd to the Work; Thou ſee'ſt impartial,
How They thoſe Means imploy. Each Monarch rules
His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
Great Ruler of the World: Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to Thoſe are giv'n
Aſſiſtant Days to ripen the Deſign;
To ſome whole Months; revolving Years to ſome:
Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs Act, and Impotence of Council.
Hail! greateſt Son of SATURN, wiſe Diſpoſer
Of ev'ry Good: Thy Praiſe what Man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father! grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue, Wealth to Man avails not;
And Virtue without Wealth exerts leſs Pow'r,
And leſs diffuſes Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue and Wealth; for both are of Thy Gift.

The Second HYMN of *CALLIMACHUS.*

TO

APOLLO.

HAH! how the Laurel, great APOLLO's Tree,
And all the Cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The Man that is unhallow'd: For the God,
The God approaches. Hark! He knocks; the Gates
Feel the glad Impulſe: and the ſever'd Bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen Portals.
Why do the DELIAN Palms incline their Boughs,
Self mov'd: and hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd
From native Silence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young Men, the Hymn: let all your Harps
Break their inglorious Silence; and the Dance,
In myſtic Numbers trod, explain the Muſic.
But firſt by ardent Pray'r, and clear Luſtration
Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakneſs:
Impure no Mortal can behold APOLLO.
So may Ye flouriſh, favor'd by the God,
In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age
With ſilver Hairs, and fair Deſcent of Children;
So lay Foundations for aſpiring Cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading Colonies Encreaſe.
Pay ſacred Rev'rence to APOLLO's Song;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emit

His

His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And Seas ſubſide, obedient to the Sound
Of IO, IO PEAN! nor dares THETIS
Longer bewail Her lov'd ACHILLES' Death:
For PHOEBUS was his Foe. Nor muſt ſad NIOBE
In fruitleſs Sorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the PHRYGIAN Marble. Hapleſs Mother!
Whoſe Fondneſs cou'd compare her Mortal Off-ſpring
To thoſe which fair LATONA bore to JOVE.
IO! again repeat Ye, IO PEAN!

Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the Power of PTOLEMY,
Reſiſts the Pow'r of Heav'n: for Pow'r from Heav'n
Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite APOLLO's Praiſe, 'till Night draws on,
The Ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the Day
Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes
Various, and Matter copious of your Songs.

Sublime at JOVE's right Hand APOLLO ſits,
And thence diſtributes Honor, gracious King,
And Theme of Verſe perpetual. From his Robe
Flows Light ineffable: His Harp, his Quiver,
And LICTIAN Bow are Gold: With golden Sandals
His Feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral riſes;
And Earth reveals her Treaſures. Youth and Beauty
Eternal deck his Cheek: from his fair Head
Perfumes diſtill their Sweets; and chearful HEALTH,
His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd,
With laviſh Hand diffuſes Scents Ambroſial.

The

The Spear-man's Arm by Thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain Wound. The Laurel'd Bard,
Inſpir'd by Thee, compoſes Verſe Immortal.
Taught by thy Art Divine, the ſage Phyſician
Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.

Thee NOMIAN We adore; for that from Heav'n
Deſcending, Thou on fair AMPHRYSUS' Banks
Didſt guard ADMETUS' Herds. Sithence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk; the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her diſtended Udder;
And Ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle Lambs,
Now dropp'd their Two-fold Burdens. Bleſt the Cattle,
On which APOLLO caſt his fav'ring Eye!

But, PHOEBUS, Thou to Man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building Cities. Bright DIANA,
Kind Siſter to thy Infant-Deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the Cradle,
Brought hunted wild Goats-Heads, and branching Ant-
Of Stags, The Fruit and Honor of her Toil. [lers
Theſe with diſcerning Hand Thou knew'ſt to range,
(Young as Thou waſt) and in the well-fram'd Models,
With Emblematic Skill, and myſtic Order, [riſe;
Thou ſhew'dſt, where Towers or Battlements ſhould
Where Gates ſhould open; or where Walls ſhould com-
While from thy childiſh Paſtime Man receiv'd [paſs:
The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations.

BATTUS, our great Progenitor, now touch'd
The LIBYAN Strand; when the foreboding Crow
Flew on the Right before the People, marking
The Country deſtin'd the auſpicious Seat

Of

Of future Kings, and Favor of the God,
Whoſe Oath is ſure, and Promiſe ſtands Eternal.
Or BOEDROMIAN hear'ſt Thou pleas'd, or CLARIAN,
PHOEBUS, great King? for diff'rent are Thy Names,
As Thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,
Or dealt benign Thy various Gifts to Man.
CARNEAN let Me call Thee; for my Country
Calls Thee CARNEAN: the fair Colony
Thrice by Thy gracious Guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettl'd in CYRENE; there W' appointed
Thy annual Feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy Altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of ſlaughter'd Bulls;
As CARNUS, thy High-Prieſt and favor'd Friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious Rites,
Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worſhip.
Io CARNEAN PHOEBUS! Io PEAN!
The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narciſſus*
Reſerve the Honors of their Winter-Store,
To deck Thy Temple; 'till returning Spring
Diffuſes Nature's various Pride; and Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the ſoft South-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by Religious Hands,
Rebound their Sweets from th' odoriferous Pavement.
Perpetual Fires ſhine hallow'd on Thy Altars.
When Annual the CARNEAN Feaſt is held:
The warlike LIBYANS clad in Armor, lead
The Dance; with clanging Swords and Shields They beat
The dreadful Meaſure: in the Chorus join
Their Women, Brown but Beautiful: ſuch Rites
To Thee well-pleaſing. Nor had yet Thy Votaries,

From

From GREECE tranſplanted, touch'd CYRENE's Banks,
And Lands determin'd for their laſt Abodes;
But wander'd thro' AZILIS' horrid Forreſt
Diſpers'd; when from MYRTUSA's craggy Brow,
Fond of the Maid, auſpicious to the City,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favor'd Name,
Thou Gracious deign'ſt to let the fair One view
Her *Typic* People; Thou with Pleaſure taught'ſt Her
To draw the Bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy Lyon,
And ſtop the ſpreading Ruin of the Plains.
Happy the Nymph, who honour'd by Thy Paſſion,
Was aided by Thy Pow'r! The monſtrous PYTHON
Durſt tempt Thy Wrath in vain: for dead He fell,
To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal.
IO! while Thy unerring Hand elanc'd
Another, and another Dart; The People
Joyfully repeated IO! IO PEAN!
Elance the Dart, APOLLO: for the Safety,
And Health of Man, gracious Thy Mother bore Thee.
ENVY Thy lateſt Foe ſuggeſted thus:
Like Thee I am a Pow'r Immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak How canſt Thou favor partial
Thoſe Poets who write little? Vaſt and Great
Is what I Love: The far extended Ocean
To a ſmall Riv'let I prefer. APOLLO
Spurn'd ENVY with His Foot; and thus the God:
DÆMON, the head-long Current of EUPHRATES,
ASSYRIAN River, copious runs, but Muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid Force
Polluting Dirt; His Torrent ſtill augmenting,

His

His Wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the Nymphs
MELISSAN, Sacred and Recluſe to CERES,
Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heav'nly Uſe, from little Urns
Pour Streams ſelect, and Purity of Waters,
Io! APOLLO, mighty King, let ENVY
Ill-judging and Verboſe, from LETHE's Lake,
Draw Tuns unmeaſurable; while Thy Favor
Adminiſters to my ambitious Thirſt
The wholeſome Draught from AGANIPPE's Spring
Genuine, and with ſoft Murmurs gently rilling
Adown the Mountains where Thy Daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Thirteenth CHAPTER *of the Firſt* EPISTLE *to the CORINTHIANS.*

DID ſweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel ſung:
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;

And

And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:
Did SHADRACH's Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire;
Or had I Faith like that which ISRAEL ſaw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles, and Law:
Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt;
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r:
That Scorn of Life would be but wild Deſpair:
A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noiſe.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins, and gentle Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, She eaſily forgives;
And much She ſuffers, as She much believes.
Soft Peace She brings where-ever She arrives:
She builds our Quiet, as She forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peeviſh Nature ev'n;
And opens in each Heart a little HEAV'N.

Each other Gift, which GOD on Man beſtows,
Its proper Bounds, and due Reſtriction knows;
To one fixt Purpoſe dedicates its Power;
And finiſhing its Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting CHARITY's more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to Decay,

In

In happy Triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs Good diffuſe, and endleſs Praiſe receive.
As thro' the Artiſt's intervening Glaſs,
Our Eye obſerves the diſtant Planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow:
So whilſt our Mind its Knowledge wou'd improve
(Its feeble Eye intent on Things above)
High as We may, We lift our Reaſon up,
By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE:
Yet are We able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promiſes of Day.
HEAVN's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight;
Too great its Swiftneſs, and too ſtrong its Light.
But ſoon the mediate Clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The Sun ſhall ſoon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated ſublime on His Meridian Throne.
Then conſtant FAITH, and holy HOPE ſhall die,
One loſt in Certainty, and One in Joy:
Whilſt Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Siſter, greateſt of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy Lamp, and unconſum'd thy Flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive ———
Shalt ſtand before the Hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Engraven on a COLUMN

IN THE

Church of Halſtead *in* Eſſex.

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expenſe of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this Spire by Meaſure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands:
That Fabric riſes high as Heav'n,
Whoſe *Baſis* on Devotion ſtands.

While yet We draw this vital Breath,
We can our FAITH and HOPE declare:
But CHARITY beyond our Death
Will ever in our Works appear.

Beſt be He call'd among good Men,
Who to his GOD this Column rais'd:
Tho' Lightning ſtrike the Dome again;
The Man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.

Yet

Yet Spires and Towers in Duſt ſhall lie,
The weak Efforts of Human Pains:
And FAITH, and HOPE themſelves ſhall die;
While Deathleſs Charity remains.

Written in MONTAIGNE's *Eſſays,*

Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY *in* France, *after the Peace,* 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what Thou haſt ſeen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men;
And deign to let Thy Servant hold the Pen.

Thro' Ages thus I may preſume to live;
And from the Tranſcript of Thy Proſe receive,
What my own ſhort-liv'd Verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair BRITAIN with a gracious Smile
Accept the Work; and the inſtructed Iſle,
For more than Treaties made, ſhall bleſs my Toil.

Nor longer hence the GALLIC Style preferr'd,
Wiſdom in ENGLISH *Idiom* ſhall be heard; [err'd.
While TALBOT tells the World, where MONTAIGNE

An EPISTLE,

Deſiring the QUEEN'S *Picture.*

Written at PARIS, 1714. *But left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden News of Her* MAJESTY'S *Death.*

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,
The ſhining Side-board, and the burniſh'd Plate
Let other Miniſters, Great ANNE, require;
And partial fall Thy Gift to their Deſire.
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,
To that alone, eternal be my Claim.
My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,
If ever I found Favor in Thy Sight;
If all the Pains that for Thy BRITAIN'S Sake
My paſt has took, or future Life may take,
Be grateful to my QUEEN: permit my Pray'r,
And with This Gift reward my total Care.
Will Thy indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow
The Boon? and will Thy Ear accept the Vow?
That in deſpight of Age, of impious Flame,
And eating Time, Thy Picture like Thy Fame
Entire may laſt; that as their Eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant Shade, Men yet unborn may ſay;
Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd BRITANNIA'S Queen;
Her Brow thus ſmooth, Her Look was thus ſerene;

When

When to a Low, but to a Loyal Hand
The mighty Empreſs gave Her high Command,
That He to Hoſtile Camps, and Kings ſhou'd haſte,
To ſpeak Her Vengeance, as Their Danger, paſt;
To ſay, She Wills deteſted Wars to ceaſe;
She checks Her Conqueſt, for Her Subjects Eaſe;
And bids the World attend Her Terms of Peace.

Thee, Gracious ANNE, Thee preſent I adore,
Thee, QUEEN of Peace----If Time and Fate have Power
Higher to raiſe the Glories of thy Reign;
In Words ſublimer, and a nobler Strain,
May future Bards the mighty Theme rehearſe,
Here, STATOR JOVE, and PHOEBUS King of Verſe,
The Votive Tablet I ſuſpend****

ALMA:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

MIND.

In THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ὧδὶ τὰ γιγνόμθνα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIII.

THE

FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met RICHARD, when or where
From Story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty Points They ſpoke;
And *Pro* and *Con* by turns They took.
Rats half the Manuſcript have eat:
Dire Hunger! which we ſtill regret:
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The Horrors of ſo ſad a Feaſt.
Yet leſs our Grief, if what remains,
Dear JACOB, by thy Care and Pains
Shall be to future Times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here MATTHEW ſaid:
ALMA in Verſe; in Proſe, the MIND,
By ARISTOTLE's Pen defin'd,
Throughout the Body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, All in All.

And yet, ſlap daſh, is All again
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein:
Runs here and there, like HAMLET's Ghoſt;
While every where She rules the roaſt.

This *Syſtem*, RICHARD, We are told,
The Men of OXFORD firmly hold.
The CAMBRIDGE Wits, you know, deny
With *Ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth They ſpeak
With ſmall Reſpect of that old GREEK)
That, putting all his Words together,
'Tis Three blue Beans in One blue Bladder.

ALMA, They ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits Cock-Horſe on Her Throne the Brain;
And from that Seat of Thought diſpenſes
Her Sov'reign Pleaſure to the Senſes.
Two *Optic* Nerves, They ſay, She tyes,
Like Spectacles, a-croſs the Eyes;
By which the Spirits bring her Word,
Whene'er the Balls are fix'd, or ſtirr'd;
How quick at Park and Play they ſtrike;
The Duke they court; the Toaſt they like;
And at St. JAMES's turn their Grace
From former Friends, now out of Place.

Without theſe Aids, to be more ſerious,
Her Pow'r, They hold, had been precarious:
The Eyes might have conſpir'd her Ruin;
And She not known, what They were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That They ſhou'd ſee, and She be blind.

Wiſe Nature likewiſe, They ſuppoſe,
as drawn two Conduits down our Noſe:
ou'd ALMA elſe with Judgment tell,
hen *Cabbage* ſtinks, or *Roſes* ſmell?
r who wou'd ask for her Opinion
etween an *Oyſter* and an *Onion*?
or from moſt Bodies, DICK, You know,
ome little Bits ask Leave to flow;
nd, as thro' theſe Canals They roll,
ring up a Sample of the whole.
ike Footmen running before Coaches,
o tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.
By Nerves about our Palate plac'd,
he likewiſe judges of the Taſte.
lſe (diſmal Thought!) our warlike Men
ight drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*;
nd our ill-judging Wives and Daughters
iſtake Small-beer for *Citron*-Waters.
Hence too, that She might better hear,
e ſets a Drum at either Ear;
d Loud or Gentle, Harſh or Sweet,
e but th' *Alarums* which They beat.
Laſt, to enjoy her Senſe of Feeling
thing She much delights to deal in)
houſand little Nerves She ſends
ite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends;
d Theſe in Gratitude again
turn their Spirits to the Brain;
which their Figure being printed
juſt before, I think, I hinted)

ALMA inform'd can try the Caſe,
As She had been upon the Place.
Thus, while the Judge gives diff'rent Journeys
To Country Counſel, and Attornies;
He on the Bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as They bring the Writs.
The POPE thus prays and ſleeps at ROME,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from Home:
Yet ſending forth his Holy Spies,
And having heard what They adviſe,
He rules the Church's bleſt Dominions;
And ſets Mens Faith by His Opinions.
The Scholars of the STAGYRITE,
Who for the Old Opinion fight,
Would make their Modern Friends confeſs,
The diff'rence but from More to Leſs.
The MIND, ſay They, while You ſuſtain
To hold her Station in the Brain;
You grant, at leaſt, She is extended:
Ergo the whole Diſpute is ended.
For 'till To-morrow ſhou'd you plead
From Form and Structure of the Head;
The MIND as viſibly is ſeen
Extended thro' the whole *Machine*.
Why ſhou'd all Honor then be ta'en
From Lower Parts to load the Brain:
When other Limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as brisk as He?
For Muſic, grant the Head receives it;
It is the Artiſt's Hand that gives it.

And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel;
The Soldier's Arm ſuſtains the Quarrel.
Beſides, the Noſtrils, Ears, and Eyes
Are not his Parts, but his Allies.
Ev'n what You hear the Tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab Origine* from them.
What could the Head perform alone,
If all Their friendly Aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure He muſt make;
Do nothing elſe, but ſleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that You can ſhow,
How to the Head the Spirits go.
Thoſe Spirits ſtarted from ſome Goal,
Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll.
Now We ſhou'd hold Them much to blame,
If They went back, before They came.
If therefore, as We muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from Fingers, and from Toes;
Or Toes, or Fingers, in this Caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull's* Self ſhou'd take the Place.
Diſputing fair, You grant thus much,
That all Senſation is but Touch.
Dip but your Toes into cold Water;
Their Correſpondent Teeth will chatter:
And ſtrike the Bottom of your Feet;
You ſet your Head into a Heat.
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Confeſs, that Feeling lies all over.
Note here, LUCRETIUS dares to teach
(As all our Youth may learn from CREECH)

That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view;
Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The Members firſt, and then the Uſe.
What Each muſt act, was yet unknown,
Till All is mov'd by Chance alone.

A Man firſt builds a Country Seat;
Then finds the Walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wond'ring ſees
Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was He, who durſt ſuch Whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human Reaſon,
That came at all, tho' late, in Seaſon.

But no Man ſure e'er left his Houſe,
And ſaddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a Midwife to his Spouſe,
Before He knew She was with Child.
And no Man ever reapt his Corn,
Or from the Oven drew his Bread,
Ere Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to Sow and Knead.
Before They're ask'd, can Maids refuſe?
Can ——— Pray, ſays DICK, hold in your Muſe,
While You in *Pindaric* Truths rehearſe;
She hobbles in *Alternate* Verſe.
Verſe? MAT. reply'd: is that my Care?
Go on, quoth RICHARD, ſoft and fair.

This looks, friend DICK, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *Saleſman*'s Trade:

As if She haply had ſat down,
And cut out Cloaths for all the Town;
Then ſent them out to *Monmouth* Street,
To try, what Perſons they wou'd fit.
But ev'ry Free and Licens'd Taylor
Would in this *Theſis* find a Failure.
Should Whims like theſe his Head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might fit a Piſmire, or a Whale.
No, no: He views with ſtudious Pleaſure
Your Shape, before He takes your Meaſure.
For real KATE He made the Boddice,
And not for an *Ideal* Goddeſs.
No Error near his Shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the Folks for whom He work'd.
Still to Their Size He aim'd his Skill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?
Next, DICK, if Chance her ſelf ſhou'd vary;
Obſerve, how Matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes;
Your Spectacles upon your Toes:
Then You and MEMMIUS ſhall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or ſee.
But Wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your Knowledge will increaſe,
As You make other People's leſs.
In Arms and Science 'tis the ſame:
Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame.

At FAUBERT's if Diſputes ariſe
Among the Champions for the Prize;
To prove, who gave the fairer Butt,
JOHN ſhows the Chalk on ROBERT's Coat.
So, for the Honor of your Book,
It tells, where other Folks miſtook:
And, as their Notions You confound,
Thoſe You invent get farther Ground.
The Commentators on old ARISTOTLE ('tis urg'd) in Judgment vary:
They to their own Conceits have brought
The Image of his general Thought.
Juſt as the Melancholic Eye
Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky;
And to the poor Apprentice Ear
The Bells ſound *Whittington* Lord May'r.
The Conj'rer thus explains his *Scheme*:
Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream:
NORTH BRITONS thus have *Second Sight*;
And GERMANS free from Gunſhot fight.
THEODORET, and ORIGEN,
And fifty other Learned Men
Atteſt, that if their Comments find
The Traces of their Maſter's Mind;
ALMA can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t'other Sect deny,
SIMPLICIUS, THEOPHRAST, DURAND;
Great Names, but hard in Verſe to ſtand.
They wonder Men ſhould have miſtook
The *Tenets* of their Maſter's Book;

And hold, that ALMA yields her Breath,
O'ercome by Age, and ſeiz'd by Death.
Now which were Wiſe? and which were Fools?
Poor ALMA ſits between two Stools:
The more She reads, the more perplext;
The Comment ruining the Text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate:
But, RICHARD, let her look to That ——
Whilſt We our own Affairs purſue.
  Theſe diff'rent *Syſtems*, Old or New,
A Man with half an Eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now to bring Things to fair Concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian Ink's Effuſion;
Let me propoſe an Healing *Scheme*,
And ſail along the Middle Stream:
For, DICK, if We could reconcile
  Old ARISTOTLE with GASSENDUS;
How many would admire our Toil;
  And yet how few would comprehend us!
  Here, RICHARD, let my *Scheme* commence,
Oh! may my Words be loſt in Senſe;
While pleas'd THALIA deigns to write
The Slips and Bounds of ALMA's Flight.
  My ſimple *Syſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe,
That ALMA enters at the Toes;
That then She mounts by juſt Degrees
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees:
Next, as the Sap of Life does riſe,
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs:

And, all theſe under-Regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the Waſte:
Gives Pain or Pleaſure, Grief or Laughter;
As We ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time
Up to the Heart She loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by Craft and Age,
She makes the Head her lateſt Stage.
From the Feet upward to the Head;
Pithy, and ſhort, ſays DICK: proceed.
DICK, this is not an idle Notion:
Obſerve the Progreſs of the Motion:
Firſt I demonſtratively prove,
That Feet were only made to move;
And Legs deſire to come and go:
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the Child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your Midwife knows
To bind Thoſe Parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt ALMA newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own Chriſt'ning's Din,
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young ALMA's Caſe:
As in a luckleſs Gameſter's Place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again as She grows ſomething ſtronger,
And Maſter's Feet are ſwath'd no longer,

If in the Night too oft He kicks,
Or ſhows his *Loco-motive* Tricks;
Theſe firſt Aſſaults fat KATE repays Him,
When half aſleep She overlays Him.

Now mark, Dear RICHARD, from the Age,
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,
Broom-ſtaff or Poker they beſtride,
And round the Parlor love to ride;
'Till thoughtful Father's pious Care
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,
With Supplemental Hobby-Horſes:
And happy be their Infant Courſes!

Hence for ſome Years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their Legs, You ſee, direct their Will.
From opening Morn 'till ſetting Sun,
A-round the Fields and Woods They run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what FRIEND or SNAPE can ſay.

To Her next Stage as ALMA flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the Thighs:
With *Sympathetic* Pow'r She warms
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.
While BETTY dances on the Green;
And SUSAN is at Stool-ball ſeen:
While JOHN for Nine-pins does declare;
And ROGER loves to pitch the Bar;
Both Legs and Arms ſpontaneous move:
Which was the Thing I meant to prove.

Another Motion now She makes:
O need I name the Seat She takes?

His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds;
The Sport and Race no more He minds:
Neglected *Tray* and *Pointer* lie:
And Covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund Plain He leaves;
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves.
In dying Accents He complains
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains.
The Nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the Swains, and ſighs for One.
The Nymph is warm'd with young Deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench His Fire.
They meet each Evening in the Grove:
Their Parley but augments their Love.
So to the Prieſt their Caſe They tell:
He ties the Knot; and all goes well.

But, O my MUSE, juſt Diſtance keep:
Thou art a Maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine Months Time the Boddice looſe,
And Petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe,
That at This Age the active Mind
About the Waſte lies moſt confin'd;
And that young Life, and quick'ning Senſe
Spring from His Influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the World
The SUN's prolifick Rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that Seat He darts thoſe Beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial Flames.

DICK, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtrok'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat;

Then

Then ſlapp'd his Hand upon the Board;
And thus the Youth put in his Word.
Love's Advocates, ſweet Sir, would find Him
A higher Place than You aſſign'd Him.
Love's Advocates, DICK, who are thoſe?——
The Poets, You may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, You have diſcarded
The Men, with whom 'till now You herded.
Proſe-Men alone for private Ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient Friends.
In cor ſtillavit, cries LUCRETIUS;
If He may be allow'd to teach Us.
The ſelf-ſame Thing ſoft OVID ſays
(A proper Judge in ſuch a Caſe)
HORACE his Phraſe is *torret Jecur*;
And happy was that curious Speaker.
Here VIRGIL too has plac'd this Paſſion:
What ſignifies too long Quotation?
In *Ode* and *Epic* plain the Caſe is,
That Love holds One of theſe Two Places.
DICK, without Paſſion or Reflection,
I'll ſtraight demoliſh this Objection.
Firſt Poets, all the World agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and Figure They produce;
For Garniſh This, and That for Uſe;
And, in the Structure of their Feaſts,
They ſeek to feed, and pleaſe their Gueſts:
But One may balk this good Intent,
And take Things otherwiſe than meant.

Thus,

Thus, if You Dine with my Lord May'r,
Roaſt-Beef, and Ven'ſon is your Fare:
Thence You proceed to Swan, and Buſtard,
And perſevere in Tart, and Cuſtard:
But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*
Help only to adorn the Meal:
And painted Flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim You welcome to the Treat.
The Man of Senſe his Meat devours;
But only ſmells the Peel, and Flow'rs:
And He muſt be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the Streamer.

That CUPID goes with Bow and Arrows,
And VENUS keeps her Coach and Sparrows,
Is all but Emblem to acquaint One,
The Son is ſharp, the Mother wanton,
Such Images have ſometimes ſhown
A *Myſtic* Senſe, but oft'ner None.
For who conceives, what Bards deviſe,
That Heav'n is plac'd in CELIA's Eyes,
Or where's the Senſe, direct or moral,
That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your HORACE owns, He various writ,
As wild, or ſober Maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philoſopher recanted.
His grave *Epiſtles* may diſprove
The wanton *Odes* He made to LOVE.

LUCRETIUS keeps a mighty Pother
With CUPID, and his fancy'd Mother:

Calls

Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air;
Declares, that Winds and Seas obey Her;
And, while Her Honour He rehearſes,
Implores Her to inſpire his Verſes.

Yet, free from this Poetic Madneſs,
Next Page He ſays in ſober Sadneſs,
That She and all her fellow-Gods
Sit idling in their high Abodes,
Regardleſs of this World below,
Our Health or Hanging, Weal or Woe;
Nor once diſturb their heav'nly Spirits
With SCAPIN's Cheats, or CÆSAR's Merits.

Nor e'er can LATIN Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their Verſe:
And, if Folks ask the Reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the BRITISH Muſe,
May take the Freedom Strangers uſe.
In Proſe our Property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in Metre?
If CUPID throws a ſingle Dart;
We make him wound the Lover's *Heart*:
But if He takes his Bow, and Quiver;
'Tis ſure, He muſt transfix the *Liver*:
For Rhime with Reaſon may diſpenſe;
And Sound has Right to govern Senſe.

But let your Friends in Verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in Proſe;

Ana-

Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own Affair:
Kindly ſupplies our publick Uſes;
And parts and ſtrains the Vital Juices:
Still lays ſome uſeful Bile aſide,
To tinge the Chyle's inſipid Tide:
Elſe We ſhould want both Gibe and Satyr;
And all be burſt with pure Good-nature.
Now Gall is bitter with a Witneſs;
And Love is all Delight and Sweetneſs:
My *Logic* then has loſt its Aim,
If Sweet and Bitter be the ſame:
And He, methinks, is no great Scholar,
Who can miſtake Deſire for Choler.

The like may of the *Heart* be ſaid:
Courage and Terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *Hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo*:
And mighty Phyſical their Fear is:
For, ſoon as Noiſe of Combat near is,
Their Heart, deſcending to their Breeches,
Muſt give their Stomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their Hearts hung extremely high:
The Strings of which, in Battle's Heat,
Againſt their very *Corſlets* beat;
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Meaſure;
And yield 'em moſt exceſſive Pleaſure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it ſelf exert;

'Twill

'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That This is eke the Throne of Love.
Would Nature make One Place the Seat
Of fond Deſire, and fell Debate?
Muſt People only take Delight in
Thoſe Hours, when They are tir'd with Fighting?
And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?
Theſe Notions then I think but idle:
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the Middle.
This Truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Tho' He before had Gall and Rage,
Which Death, or Conqueſt muſt aſſwage;
He grows diſpirited and low:
He hates the Fight, and ſhuns the Foe.
In ſcornful Sloth ACHILLES ſlept;
And for his Wench, like TALL-BOY, wept:
Nor would return to War and Slaughter;
Till They brought back the Parſon's Daughter.
ANTONIUS fled from ACTIUM's Coaſt,
AUGUSTUS preſſing, ASIA loſt:
His Sails by CUPID's Hand unfurl'd,
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.
EDWARD our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd;
While ENGLAND's Voice, and WARWICK's Care
Deſign'd him GALLIA's beauteous Heir;
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,
Only to dry One Widow's Tears.

FRANCE's

FRANCE's fourth HENRY we may ſee,
A Servant to the fair D'ESTREE;
When quitting COUTRAS proſp'rous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his Guards and Mid-night Tent,
Diſguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly Dame;
And in his Pleaſure loſt his Fame.

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,
Theſe Heroes were no Friends to Love;
And bolder He, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War.
Yet, when their Thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;
Fond ALMA to thoſe Parts was gone,
Which LOVE more juſtly calls his own.

Examples I could cite You more;
But be contented with theſe Four:
For when One's Proofs are aptly choſen;
Four are as valid as four Dozen.
One came from GREECE, and one from ROME;
The other Two grew nearer Home.
For ſome in Antient Books delight,
Others prefer what Moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in Both.

THE

THE

SECOND CANTO.

BUT ſhall we take the MUSE abroad,
To drop her idly on the Road?
And leave our Subject in the middle;
As BUTLER did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet He, conſummate Maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His Noble Negligences teach,
What Others Toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
And balances your Fear and Hope:
If after ſome diſtinguiſh'd Leap,
He drops his Pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
He riſes higher half his Length.
With Wonder You approve his Slight;
And owe your Pleaſure to your Fright.
But like poor ANDREW, I advance,
Falſe *Mimic* of my Maſter's Dance:
A-round the Cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earneſt fall.
My Preface tells You, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.
I like, quoth DICK, your *Simile*:
And in Return, take Two from Me.

As

As Maſters in the *Clare-obſcure*,
With various Light your Eyes allure:
A flaming Yellow here They ſpread;
Draw off in Blue, or charge in Red:
Yet from theſe Colors odly mix'd,
Your Sight upon the Whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your Courtly Dames
(Whoſe Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims)
By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary;
And Things are beſt as moſt contrary.
The Gown with ſtiff Embroid'ry ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter Lining:
The Out-, if INDIAN Figures ſtain;
The In-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So You, great Authors, have thought fit,
To make Digreſſion temper Wit:
When Arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm 'em with a milder Air:
To break their Points, You turn their Force;
And *Furbelow* the plain Diſcourſe.

RICHARD, quoth MAT, theſe Words of Thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *Theme*;
However Thou may'ſt praiſe, or blame.

As People marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce Love abates his uſual Mettle:
Worldly Deſires, and Houſehold Cares
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft Affairs:
So now, as Health or Temper changes,
In larger Compaſs ALMA ranges,

This

This Day below, the next above;
As light or ſolid Whimſies move.
So Merchant has his Houſe in Town,
And Country-Seat near BANSTED Down:
From One he dates his Foreign Letters,
Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors:
In t'other, at his Hours of Leiſure,
He ſmokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleaſure.
And now your Matrimonial CUPID,
Laſh'd on by Time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For Story and Experience tell Us,
That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous.
Both would their little Ends ſecure:
He ſighs for Freedom, She for Pow'r.
His Wiſhes tend abroad to roam;
And Hers, to domineer at Home.
Thus Paſſion flags by ſlow Degrees;
And ruffled more, delighted leſs,
The buſy Mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once charming Seats below:
But, in the Breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred Feints, and future Wars.
The Man ſuſpects his Lady's crying
(When he laſt Autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint Her
By Codicil a larger Jointure.
The Woman finds it all a Trick,
That He could ſwoon, when She was ſick;
And knows, that in That Grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd SUSAN for his Second.

Thus

Thus having ſtrove ſome tedious Years
With feign'd Deſires, and real Fears;
And tir'd with Anſwers and Replies,
Of JOHN affirms, and MARTHA lies;
Leaving this endleſs Altercation,
The Mind affects a higher Station.

POLTIS, that gen'rous King of THRACE,
I think, was in this very Caſe.
All ASIA now was by the Ears:
And Gods beat up for Voluntiers
To GREECE, and TROY; while POLTIS ſat
In Quiet, governing his State.
And whence, ſaid the Pacific King,
Does all this Noiſe, and Diſcord ſpring?
Why, PARIS took ATRIDES' Wife——
With Eaſe I could compoſe this Strife:
The injur'd Hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young Lover want a Spouſe:
But HELEN chang'd her firſt Condition,
Without her Husband's juſt Permiſſion.
What from the Dame can PARIS hope?
She may as well from Him elope.
Again, how can her old Good-man
With Honor take Her back again?
From hence I logically gather
The Woman cannot live with Either.
Now I have Two right honeſt Wives,
For whoſe Poſſeſſion No Man ſtrives:
One to ATRIDES I will ſend;
And t'other to my TROJAN Friend.

Each

Each Prince ſhall thus with Honor have,
What Both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The Wrath of Gods and Man ſhall ceaſe;
And POLTIS live and die in Peace.
DICK, if this Story pleaſeth Thee,
Pray thank *Dan* POPE, who told it Me.
Howe'er ſwift ALMA's Flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *Corollary*:)
Some Limbs She finds the very ſame,
In Place, and Dignity, and Name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient Diſtance,
That each may give his Friend Aſſiſtance.
Thus He who runs or dances, begs
The equal Vigor of Two Legs;
So much to both does ALMA truſt,
She ne'er regards, which goes the firſt.
TEAGUE could make neither of them ſtay,
When with Himſelf he ran away.
The Man who ſtruggles in the Fight,
Fatigues left Arm as well as right:
For whilſt one Hand exalts the Blow,
And on the Earth extends the Foe;
T' other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your Pocket He lay ſtill.
And when you ſhoot, and ſhut one Eye,
You cannot think, He would deny
To lend the t'other friendly Aid,
Or wink, as Coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilſt He withdraws his Flame;
His Comrade takes the ſurer Aim.

One

One Moment if his Beams recede;
As soon as e'er the Bird is dead,
Opening again, He lays his Claim
To half the Profit, half the Fame;
And helps to Pocket up the Game.
'Tis thus, One Tradesman slips away,
To give his Part'ner fairer Play.
Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In Concert act, like modern Friends;
Because one serves the t'other's Ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,
So quick to take the Bully's Part;
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the Blow.
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere HACK himself perceives, He gave it.
The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-stroling for their Friends below:
For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their Flame;
Ere Visits yet are brought about,
The Eye by Sympathy looks out;
Knows FLORIMEL, and longs to meet Her;
And, if He sees, is sure to greet Her,
Tho' at Sash-Window, on the Stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors say) at Pray'rs.----
The Funeral of some valiant Knight
May give this Thing its proper Light.

View

View his Two Gantlets: theſe declare
That Both his Hands were us'd to War.
And from his Two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,
His Feet were equally concern'd.
But have You not with Thought beheld
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?
Which ſhows the Breaſt, That Plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally tight Arm to truſt to:
And by the Peep-holes in his Creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his Eyes took diſtant Aim,
And glanc'd Reſpect to that bright Dame,
In whoſe Delight his Hope was center'd,
And for whoſe Glove his Life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general *Syſtem*
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my Aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and Diſtance:
Can prove, that all Things, on Occaſion,
Love Union, and deſire Adheſion;
That ALMA merely is a Scale;
And Motives, like the Weights prevail.
If neither Side turn down or up,
With Loſs or Gain, with Fear or Hope:
The Balance always would hang ev'n,
Like MAH'MET's Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.
This, RICHARD, is a curious Caſe:
Suppoſe your Eyes ſent equal Rays,
Upon two diſtant Pots of Ale,
Not knowing, which was Mild or Stale:

In this ſad State your doubtful Choice
Would never have the caſting Voice:
Which Beſt or Worſt, You could not think;
And die You muſt, for want of Drink:
Unleſs ſome Chance inclines your Sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer Light;
Then You prefer or A, or B,
As Lines and Angles beſt agree:
Your Senſe reſolv'd impells your Will;
She guides your Hand, ——— So drink your Fill.

Have you not ſeen a Baker's Maid
Between two equal Panniers ſway'd?
Her Tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the Middle:
But forc'd from this unactive State,
By virtue of ſome caſual Weight;
On either Side You hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left-hand Matter.

Now, RICHARD, this coercive Force,
Without your Choice, muſt take its Courſe,
Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded Needles to the North.
And Thou and I, by Pow'r unſeen,
Are barely Paſſive, and ſuck'd in
To HENAULT's Vaults, or CELIA's Chamber,
As Straw and Paper are by Amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *Ombre* or *Baſſet*)
Let People call us Cheats, or Fools;
Our Cards and We are equal Tools.

We ſure in vain the Cards condemn:
Our ſelves both cut and ſhuffl'd them.
In vain on Fortune's Aid rely:
She only is a Stander-by.
Poor Men! poor Papers! We and They
Do ſome impulſive Force obey;
And are but play'd with------Do not play.
But Space and Matter we ſhould blame:
They palm'd the Trick that loſt the Game.
Thus to ſave further Contradiction,
Againſt what You may think but Fiction;
I for Attraction, DICK, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold Men that dare.
As well your Motion, as your Thought
Is all by hidden Impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying, that You Think or Walk,
How like a Country 'Squire you talk?
Mark then;——Where Fancy or Deſire
Collects the Beams of Vital Fire;
Into that Limb fair ALMA ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in NICHOLINI's Tongue,
When PYRRHUS chants the Heav'nly Song.
When PEDRO does the Lute command,
She guides the cunning Artiſt's Hand.
Thro' MACER's Gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile Glutton dines alone.
And void of Modeſty and Thought,
She follows BIBO's endleſs Draught.

Thro' the ſoft Sex again She ranges;
As Youth, Caprice, or Faſhion changes.
Fair ALMA careleſs and ſerene,
In FANNY's ſprightly Eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their Infant Beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their Flames.
Again fair ALMA ſits confeſt,
On FLORIMEL's experter Breaſt;
When She the riſing Sigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her Pains.
In CYNTHIA's Neck fair ALMA glows,
When the vain Thing her Jewels ſhows:
When JENNY's Stays are newly lac'd,
Fair ALMA plays about her Waſte;
And when the ſwelling Hoop ſuſtains
The rich Brocard, fair ALMA deigns
Into that lower Space to enter,
Of the large Round, Her ſelf the Centre.
Again: That ſingle Limb or Feature
(Such is the cogent Force of Nature)
Which moſt did ALMA's Paſſion move,
In the firſt Object of her Love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the am'rous Breaſt.
O ABELARD, ill-fated Youth,
Thy Tale will juſtify this Truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song.
Dan POPE for thy Misfortune griev'd,
With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd

A ſilken Web; and ne'er ſhall fade
It's Colors: gently has He laid
The Mantle o'er thy ſad Diſtreſs:
And VENUS ſhall the Texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn
Such artful Folds of Sacred Lawn;
That Love with equal Grief and Pride,
Shall ſee the Crime, He ſtrives to hide:
And ſoftly drawing back the Veil,
The God ſhall to his Vot'ries tell
Each conſcious Tear, each bluſhing Grace,
That deck'd Dear ELOISA's Face.
Happy the Poet, bleſt the Lays,
Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praiſe.
Next DICK, as Youth and Habit ſways,
A hundred Gambols ALMA plays.
If, whilſt a Boy, JACK run from School,
Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole;
Tho' Gout and Age his Speed detain,
Old JOHN halloo's his Hounds again:
By his Fire-ſide he ſtarts the Hare;
And turns Her in his Wicker-Chair:
His Feet, however lame, You find,
Have got the better of his Mind.
If while the Mind was in her Leg,
The Dance affected nimble PEG;
Old MADGE, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for *Green Sleeves*, and *Jumping Joan*.
In publick Mask, or private Ball,
From *Lincoln's-Inn*, to *Goldſmith's Hall*,

All Chriſtmas long away She trudges;
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:
In vain her Children urge her Stay;
And Age or Palſey bar the Way.
But if thoſe Images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the Tail;
She ſtill renews the antient Scene;
Forgets the forty Years between:
Aukardly gay, and odly merry,
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry;
O'er-heated with *Ideal* Rage,
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.

If ALMA, whilſt the Man was young,
Slip'd up too ſoon into his Tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic Skill,
He lets that Weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any Point if You diſpute;
Depend upon it, He'll confute:
Change Sides; and You increaſe your Pain:
For He'll confute You back again.
For One may ſpeak with TULLY's Tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that They
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty Speakers have the Curſe,
To plead bad Cauſes down to worſe:
As Dames, who Native Beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more They paint.

Again: If in the Female Sex,
ALMA ſhould on this Member fix;

(A cruel and a deſp'rate Caſe,
From which Heav'n ſhield my lovely Laſs!)
For evermore all Care is vain,
That would bring ALMA down again.
As in habitual Gout, or Stone,
The only Thing that can be done,
Is to correct your Drink and Diet,
And keep the inward Foe in Quiet:
So, if for any Sins of Our's,
Or our Forefathers, Higher Powers,
Severe tho' juſt, afflict our Life
With that Prime Ill, a talking Wife;
'Till Death ſhall bring the kind Relief:
We muſt be Patient, or be Deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, DICK,
Who ſaw Me, when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three Hours,
Of *Plaſtic* Forms, and *Mental* Pow'rs:
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting Station,
Before this vile Terrene Creation:
And leſt I ſhould be weary'd, Madam,
To cut Things ſhort, came down to ADAM;
From whence, as faſt as She was able,
She drowns the World, and builds up BABEL;
Thro' SYRIA, PERSIA, GREECE She goes;
And takes the ROMANS in the Cloſe.

But We'll deſcant on gen'ral Nature:
This is a *Syſtem*, not a Satyr.

Turn We this Globe; and let Us ſee,
How diff'rent Nations diſagree.

In what We wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, DICK, perhaps in what We think.
In Water as You ſmell and taſt
The Soils, thro' which it roſe and paſt:
In ALMA's Manners You may read
The Place, where She was born and bred.
One People from their ſwadling Bands
Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands:
Here ALMA to theſe Limbs was brought;
And SPARTA's Offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their Babes to talk,
Ere they cou'd yet in Goe-carts walk:
There ALMA ſettl'd in the Tongue;
And Orators from ATHENS ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe Neighb'ring Lands,
The diff'rent Uſe of Mouths and Hands:
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,
In Battles Theſe, and Thoſe in Tropes.
In BRITAIN's Iſles, as HEYLIN notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;
Which, for the Honor of their Nation,
They quit but on ſome great Occaſion.
Men there in Breeches clad You view:
They claim that Garment, as their due.
In TURKEY the Reverſe appears;
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears:
And greets His Wife with angry Speeches;
If She be ſeen without her Breeches.
In our Fantaſtic *Climes* the Fair
With cleanly Powder dry their Hair:

And round their lovely Breaſt and Head
Freſh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odors ſhed.
Your nicer HOTTENTOTES think meet,
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet:
With down-caſt Looks on TOTTA's Legs,
The ogling Youth moſt humbly begs,
She would not from his Hopes remove
At once his Brea faſt, and his Love:
And if the ſkittiſh Nymph ſhould fly;
He in a double Senſe muſt die.

We ſimple *Toaſters* take Delight
To ſee our Women's Teeth look white.
And ev'ry ſaucy ill-bred Fellow
Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow.
In CHINA none hold Women ſweet,
Except their Snags are black as Jett.
King CHIHU put Nine Queens to Death,
Convict on Statute, *Iv'ry Teeth.*

At TONQUIN if a Prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye)
The Wife, and Counſellor, and Prieſt,
Who ſerv'd Him moſt, and lov'd Him beſt;
Prepare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,
And chearful on the Pile expire.
In EUROPE 'twould be hard to find
In each Degree One half ſo kind.

Now turn We to the fartheſt Eaſt,
And there obſerve the Gentry Dreſt;
Prince GIOLO, and his Royal Siſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely Bliſters;

The Marks remaining on the Skin,
To tell the Quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd Slaſhes deck the Great:
As each excells in Birth, or State;
His Oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The King's own Body was a Samplar.
Happy the Climate, where the *Beau*
Wears the ſame Suit for Uſe, and Show:
And at a ſmall Expence your Wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.
Weſtward again the INDIAN Fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with Fat of Bear:
Before You ſee, you ſmell your Toaſt:
And ſweeteſt She, who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt Sparks, and cleaneſt *Beaux*
Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes.
How ſleek their Skins! their Joints how eaſy!
There Slovens only are not greaſy.
I mention'd diff'rent Ways of Breeding:
Begin We in our Children's Reading.
To Maſter JOHN the ENGLISH Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:
And that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name, He eats the Letter:
Proceeding thus with vaſt Delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from Left to Right.
But ſhew a HEBREW's hopeful Son,
Where We ſuppoſe the Book begun;
The Child would thank you for your Kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *Finis*.

Devour

Devour He Learning ne'er ſo faſt
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal Inſtance of this Matter,
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.
In EUROPE, if a harmleſs Maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurſe;
Her Friends would look on Her the Worſe.
In CHINA, DAMPIER's Travels tell Ye:
(Look in his Index for PAGELLI:)
Soon as the BRITISH Ships unmoore,
And jolly Long-boat rows to Shore;
Down come the Nobles of the Land:
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,
Beſeeching the Imperious Tar
To make Her but One Hour his Care.
The tender Mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear Daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor Miſs YAYA dreads the Shame
Of going back the Maid She came.
Obſerve how Cuſtom, DICK, compells
The Lady that in EUROPE dwells:
After her Tea She ſlips away;
And what to do, One need not ſay.
Now ſee great POMONQUE's Queen
Behav'd Her ſelf amongſt the Men:
Pleas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the Bowl;
And ſprinkl'd in the Captain's Face
The Marks of Her Peculiar Grace-----

To cloſe this Point, We need not roam
For Inſtances ſo far from Home.
What parts gay FRANCE from ſober SPAIN?
A little riſing Rocky Chain.
Of Men born South or North o'th' Hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; Theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
DICK, You love Maps, and may perceive
ROME not far diſtant from GENEVE.
If the good POPE remains at Home,
He's the firſt Prince in CHRISTENDOME.
Chooſe then, good POPE, at Home to ſtay;
Nor Weſtward curious take Thy Way.
Thy Way unhappy ſhould'ſt Thou take
From TIBER's Bank to LEMAN-Lake;
Thou art an Aged Prieſt no more,
But a young flaring Painted Whore:
Thy Sex is loſt: Thy Town is gone,
No longer ROME, but BABYLON.
That ſome few Leagues ſhould make this Change,
To Men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.
But need We, Friend, inſiſt on This?
Since in the very CANTONS SWISS,
All Your Philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that One may be
A Heretic, or True Believer,
On this, or t'other Side a River.
Here with an artful Smile, quoth DICK,
Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick----
The Bard on this extenſive Chapter,
Wound up into Poetic Rapture,

Continu'd: RICHARD, caſt your Eye
By Night upon a Winter-Sky:
Caſt it by Day-light on the Strand,
Which compaſſes fair ALBION's Land:
If You can count the Stars that glow
Above, or Sands that lie below;
Into thoſe Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took;
And count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for Time of Need;
And Thou may'ſt at thy Leiſure read;
For ſtanding every Critic's Rage,
I ſafely will to future Age
My *Syſtem*, as a Gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spight, and Death.

THE

THE

THIRD CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-ſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer Silence keep:
And Senſe like this, in vocal Breath
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth.
Now if this Phraſe too harſh be thought;
POPE, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault.
Old HOMER taught us thus to ſpeak:
If 'tis not Senſe; at leaſt 'tis GREEK.
As Folks, quoth RICHARD, prone to Leaſing,
Say Things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have once aſſerted;
Nor care to have their Lye deſerted:
'Till their own Dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as again thoſe am'rous Blades,
Who trifle with their Mother's Maids;
Tho'-at the firſt their wild Deſire,
Was but to quench a preſent Fire:
Yet if the object of their Love
Chance by LUCINA's Aid to prove;
They ſeldom let the Bantling roar
In Basket, at a Neighbour's Door:
But by the flatt'ring Glaſs of Nature,
Viewing themſelves in *Cake-bread's* Feature;

With ſerious Thought and Care ſupport,
What only was begun in Sport.
Juſt ſo with You, my Friend, it fares,
Who deal in Philoſophic Wares;
Atoms You cut; and Forms You meaſure,
To gratifie your private Pleaſure;
Till airy Seeds of caſual Wit
Do ſome fantaſtic Birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your *Syſtem* mended,
Beyond what You at firſt intended,
The happy Whimſey You purſue;
Till You at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive Art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.
Quoth MATTHEW: Friend, as far as I
Thro' Art or Nature caſt my Eye;
This *Axiom* clearly I diſcern,
That One muſt Teach, and t'Other Learn.
No Fool PYTHAGORAS was thought:
Whilſt He his weighty Doctrines taught;
He made his liſt'ning Scholars ſtand,
Their Mouth ſtill cover'd with their Hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking Youth,
Leſs Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,
Might have refus'd to let his Ears
Attend the Muſick of the Spheres;
Deny'd all *tranſmigrating* Scenes,
And introduc'd the Uſe of Beans.
From great LUCRETIUS take His Void;
And all the World is quite deſtroy'd.

Deny DES-CART His ſubtil Matter;
You leave Him neither Fire, nor Water.
How odly would Sir ISAAC look,
If You, in Anſwer to his Book,
Say in the Front of your Diſcourſe,
That Things have no *Elaſtic* Force?
How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,
To find the *Philoſophic* Stone;
If You more pow'rful Reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch Thing?
Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,
Have great Contempt of ALMA's Parts,
They find, She giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if Things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell,
What She Her ſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four;
Tho' She has told them ten times o'er.
It can't---it may be----and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt ALMA truſt?
Nay further yet They make Her go,
In doubting, if She doubts, or no.
Can *Syllogiſm* ſet Things right;
No: *Majors* ſoon with *Minors* fight:
Or, Both in friendly Conſort join'd,
The *Conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome Cunning-Man She goes,
And asks of Him, how much She knows.
With Patience grave He hears Her ſpeak;
And from his ſhort Notes, gives Her back

What from her Tale He comprehended:
Thus the Diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the Account the Loſer brings,
The Conj'ror knows, who ſtole the Things.
'Squire (interrupted DICK) ſince when
Were You amongſt theſe Cunning-Men?
Dear DICK, quoth MAT, let not Thy Force
Of Eloquence ſpoil my Diſcourſe.
I tell Thee, this is ALMA's Caſe,
Still asking, what ſome Wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his Mind in Words reveal,
Which All muſt grant; tho' Few can ſpell.
You tell Your Doctor, that Y' are ill:
And what does He, but write a Bill,
Of which You need not read one Letter?
The worſe the Scrawl, the Doſe the better.
For if you knew but what You take;
Tho' You recover, He muſt break.
Ideas, *Forms*, and *Intellects*
Have furniſh'd out three diff'rent Sects.
Subſtance, or *Accident* divides
All EUROPE into adverſe Sides.
Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,
You muſt have Friends to back your Cauſe:
In *Philoſophic* Matters ſo
Your Judgment muſt with others go.
For as in Senates, ſo in Schools,
Majority of Voices rules.
Poor ALMA, like a lonely Deer,
O'er Hills and Dales does doubtful err:

With panting Haſte, and quick Surpriſe,
From ev'ry Leaf that ſtirs, She flies;
'Till ming'l'd with the neighb'ring Herd,
She ſlights what erſt She ſingly fear'd,
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,
She dares purſue; if They dare lead:
As Their Example ſtill prevails;
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales.

He then, quoth DICK, who by Your Rule
Thinks for Himſelf, becomes a Fool.
As Party-Man who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *Whimſical* at Beſt.
Now, by your Favour, Maſter MAT,
Like RALPHO, here I ſmell a Rat.
I muſt be liſted in Your Sect;
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, RICHARD, MAT. in Triumph cry'd;
So put off all Miſtruſt and Pride.
And while My Principles I beg;
Pray anſwer only with Your Leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The Man within the Coach that ſits,
And to another's Skill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than He that drives.

So, DICK *Adept*, tuck back Thy Hair;
And I will pour into thy Ear
Remarks, which None did e'er diſcloſe,
In ſmooth-pac'd Verſe, or hobling Proſe.

Attend,

Attend, Dear DICK; but don't reply:
And Thou may'ſt prove as Wiſe as I.
When ALMA now in diff'rent Ages,
Has finiſh'd Her aſcending Stages;
Into the Head at length She gets,
And there in Public Grandeur ſits,
To judge of Things, and cenſure Wits.
Here, RICHARD, how could I explain,
The various Lab'rinths of the Brain?
Surpriſe My Readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum*?
How could I play the Commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater*?
Where Hot and Cold, and Dry and Wet,
Strive each the t'other's Place to get;
And with inceſſant Toil and Strife,
Would keep Poſſeſſion during Life.
I could demonſtrate every Pore,
Where Mem'ry lays up all her Store;
And to an Inch compute the Station,
'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination.
O Friend! I could diſplay much Learning,
At leaſt to Men of ſmall Diſcerning.
The Brain contains ten thouſand Cells:
In each ſome active Fancy dwells;
Which always is at Work, and framing
The ſeveral Follies I was naming.
As in a Hive's vimineous Dome,
Ten thouſand Bees enjoy their Home;

Each

Each does her ſtudious Action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little Labor;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous Neighbour:
Each ——— whilſt this *Theſis* I maintain;
I fancy, DICK, I know thy Brain.
O with the mighty *Theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy Head diſſected!
My Head, quoth DICK, to ſerve your Whim?
Spare That, and take ſome other Limb.
Sir, in your nice Affairs of *Syſtem*,
Wiſe Men propoſe; but Fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says MATTHEW: RICHARD, keep thy Head
And hold thy Peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed? quoth DICK: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When People once are in the Wrong;
Each Line they add, is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his Way.
Bleſs your Conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what You conceive;
And, for your Friendſhip, live and die
A Papiſt in Philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever You maintain
Of ALMA in the Heart, or Brain;
The plaineſt Man alive may tell Ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly:
From hence She ſends out thoſe Supplies,
Which make Us either ſtout or wiſe:

The Strength of ev'ry other Member,
Is founded on your Belly-Timber:
The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood
Riſe in proportion to your Food:
And if you would improve your Thought;
You muſt be fed, as well as taught.
Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll;
Juſt as the Biaſs rules the Bowl.
That great ACHILLES might imploy
The Strength, deſign'd to ruin TROY:
He Din'd on Lion's Marrow, ſpread
On Toaſts of Ammunition-Bread:
But by His Mother ſent away,
Amongſt the THRACIAN Girls to play,
Effeminate He ſat, and quiet:
Strange Product of a Cheeſe-cake Diet!
Now give my Argument fair Play;
And take the Thing the t'other Way:
The Youngſter, who at Nine and Three
Drinks with his Siſters Milk and Tea,
From Break-faſt reads, 'till twelve a Clock,
BURNET and HEYLIN, HOBBES and LOCK;
He pays due Viſits after Noon
To Couſin ALICE, and Uncle JOHN:
At Ten from Coffee-Houſe or Play
Returning, finiſhes the Day.
But give him Port, and potent Sack;
From *Milk-ſop* He ſtarts up *Mohack*:
Holds that the Happy know no Hours;
So thro' the Street at Midnight ſcow'rs:

Breaks

Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glaſſes;
And thence proceeds to nicking Saſhes:
'Till by ſome tougher Hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led Home;
He damns the Foot-man, ſtrikes the Maid,
And decently reels up to Bed.

Obſerve the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in ſeveral Nations.
Was ever TARTAR fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand His Rage and Force;
If firſt he rides, then eats his Horſe?
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare
Tune the ITALIAN Spark's Guitar.
And, if I take *Dan* CONGREVE right;
Pudding and Beef make BRITONS fight.
TOKAY and COFFEE cauſe this Work,
Between the GERMAN and the TURK:
And Both, as They Proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirſt, or Guns and Swords
Give the ſame Death in diff'rent Words.
To puſh this Argument no further;
To ſtarve a Man, in Law, is Murther.

As in a WATCHE's fine Machine,
Tho' many artful Springs are ſeen;
The added Movements, which declare
How full the Moon, how old the Year,
Derive their ſecondary Pow'r
From that, which ſimply points the Hour.

For,

For, tho' theſe Gim-cracks were away
(QUARE would not ſwear; but QUARE would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The Watch would ſtill a Watch remain:
But if the *Horal* Orbite ceaſes;
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And You may e'en go ſell the Caſe:
So if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The Goings of this Clock-work, Man;
You find a hundred Movements made
By fine Devices in his Head:
But 'tis the Stomach's ſolid Stroke,
That tells his Being, what's a Clock.
If You take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger;
He talks no more in Mode and Figure:
Or clog his *Mathematic*-Whell;
His Buildings fall; his Ship ſtands ſtill.
Or laſtly, break his *Politic*-Weight;
His Voice no longer rules the State.
Yet if theſe finer Whims were gone;
Your Clock, tho' plain, would ſtill go on:
But ſpoil the Engine of Digeſtion;
And You entirely change the Queſtion.
ALMA's Affairs no Pow'r can mend;
The Jeſt, alas! is at an End:
Soon ceaſes all this wordly Buſtle;
And you conſign the Corps to RUSSEL.
Now make your ALMA come or go
From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;

Your *Syſtem*, without My Addition,
Is in a very ſad Condition.
So HARLEQUIN extoll'd his Horſe,
Fit for the War, or Road, or Courſe;
His Mouth was ſoft; his Eye was good:
His Foot was ſure as ever trod:
One Fault he had, a Fault indeed;
And what was that? The Horſe was Dead.
DICK, from theſe Inſtances and Fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of Horſes, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth MAT, to Me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That ALMA is a mere *Machine*:
That telling others what's a Clock,
She knows not what Her ſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to Standers-by the Trial,
Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.
Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth DICK,
And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't You infer. In Argument
Similies are like Songs in Love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.
MAT, who was here a little gravell'd:
Toſt up his Noſe, and would have cavil'd:
But, calling HERMES to his Aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus He ſaid:
Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)
That MATTHEW call'd, and HERMES came.
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Friend

Friend RICHARD, I begin to ſee,
That You and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how odly you behave:
The more I grant, the more You crave.
But, Comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and You allow.
We *Syſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *Theſis*, which you grant, was plain;
And with Remarks and Comments teaze Ye;
In caſe the Thing before was eaſy.
But in a Point obſcure and dark,
We fight as LEIBNITS did with CLARK;
And when no Reaſon we can ſhow,
Why Matters This or That Way go,
The ſhorteſt Way the Thing We try,
And what We know not, We deny:
True to our own o'erbearing Pride,
And falſe to all the World beſide.
That old Philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what Motion was:
Becauſe He walk'd againſt his Will;
He fac'd Men down, that He ſtood ſtill.
And He who reading on the Heart
When all his *Quodlibets* of Art
Could not expound its Pulſe and Heat)
Swore, He had never felt it beat.
CHRYSIPPUS, foil'd by EPICURUS,
Makes bold (JOVE bleſs Him!) to aſſure Us,
That all things which our Mind can view,
May be at once both falſe, and true.

And MALBRANCH has an odd Conceit,
As ever enter'd FRENCHMAN's Pate:
Says He, ſo little can our Mind
Of Matter, or of Spirit find,
That We by Gueſs, at leaſt, may gather
Something, which may be Both, or Neither.
Faith, DICK, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *Entre Nous;*)
That many knotty Points there are,
Which All diſcuſs, but Few can clear.
As Nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-Ends, to croſs-bite Wit.
Circles to ſquare, and Cubes to double,
Would give a Man exceſſive Trouble:
The Longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of WH————N and his Bombs.
What *Syſtem*, DICK, has right averr'd
The Cauſe, why Woman has no Beard;
Or why, as Years our Frame attack,
Our Hair grows white, our Teeth grow black?
In Points like Theſe, We muſt agree,
Our Barber knows as much as We.
Yet ſtill unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt We can;
With Care our *Syſtems* ſtill renew,
And prove Things likely, tho' not true.
I could, Thou ſee'ſt, in quaint Diſpute,
By dint of *Logic* ſtrike Thee mute;
With learned Skill, now puſh, now parry,
From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,

d never yield, or what is worſt,
ver conclude the Point diſcours'd.
t, that You *hic & nunc* may know,
w much You to my Candor owe:
l from the Diſputant deſcend,
ſhow Thee, I aſſume the Friend:
ll take Thy Notion for my own———
o moſt Philoſophers have done)
makes my *Syſtem* more complete:
ICK, can it have a Nobler Fate?
ke what Thou wilt, ſaid DICK, Dear Friend;
t bring thy Matters to an End.
I find, quoth MAT, Reproof is vain:
ho firſt offend will firſt complain.
ou wiſheſt, I ſhould make to Shoar;
t ſtill put'ſt in Thy thwarting Oar.
hat I have told Thee fifty times
Proſe, receive for once in Rhimes:
huge fat Man in Country-Fair,
City-Church, (no matter where)
bour'd and puſh'd amidſt the Croud,
ll bauling out extremely loud;
rd ſave Us! why do People preſs!
nother marking his Diſtreſs,
iendly reply'd; Plump Gentleman,
t out as faſt as e'er You can:
r ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
ou make the very Croud You blame.
Says DICK, your Moral does not need
he leaſt Return; ſo e'en proceed:

Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank You for't.
MAT. took his Thanks, and in a Tone
More Magiſterial, thus went on.
Now ALMA ſettles in the Head:
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this Farce of Life;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:
Behold on both Sides Men advance,
To form in Earneſt BAYS's Dance.
L'AVARE not uſing Half his Store,
Still grumbles, that He has no more;
Strikes not the preſent Tun, for fear
The Vintage ſhould be bad next Year:
And eats To-day with inward Sorrow,
And Dread of fancy'd Want To-morrow.
Abroad if the *Sur-tout* You wear,
Repells the Rigor of the Air;
Would You be warmer, if at Home
You had the Fabrick, and the Loom?
And if two Boots keep out the Weather;
What need You have two Hides of Leather?
Could PEDRO, think You, make no Trial
Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,
Unleſs he had the total Gut,
Whence every String at firſt was cut?
When RARUS ſhows You his Carton;
He always tells You, with a Groan,
Where two of that ſame Hand were torn,
Long before You, or He were born.

Poor

Poor VENTO's Mind ſo much is croſt,
For Part of His PETRONIUS loſt;
That He can never take the Pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What Toil did honeſt CURIO take?
What ſtrict Enquiries did He make,
To get one Medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his ROMAN Sett?
'Tis found: and O his happy Lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of Theſe no more You hear Him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the GREEK.
Theſe rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their Turns
Remain obſcure, as in their Urns.
My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,
For being True Antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my Plate,
In Modern Models to be wrought:
And Trifles I alike purſue;
Becauſe They're Old; becauſe They're New.
DICK, I have ſeen You with Delight,
For GEORGY make a Paper-Kite.
And ſimple Odes too many ſhow Ye,
My ſervile Complaiſance to CLOE.
Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools——That's brave indeed!
Quoth DICK: ſuch Truths are worth receiving:
Yet ſtill DICK look'd, as not believing.
Now, ALMA, to Divines and Proſe
Leave Thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes:

Nor think To-night of Thy Ill-Nature,
But of Thy Follies, Idle Creature,
The turns of Thy uncertain Wing,
And not the Malice of Thy Sting:
Thy Pride of being great and wiſe,
I do but mention, to deſpiſe.
I view with Anger and Diſdain,
How little gives Thee Joy, or Pain:
A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flow'r, a Root,
A Shell, a Butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime
Help Thee to paſs the tedious Time,
Which elſe would on thy Hand remain:
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.
And Cards are dealt, and Cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the Pain of Coward-Thought.
Happy Reſult of Human Wit!
That ALMA may Her ſelf forget.
DICK, thus We act; and thus We are,
Or toſs'd by Hope, or ſunk by Care.
With endleſs Pain This Man purſues
What, if he gain'd, He could not uſe:
And T'other fondly Hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by Uſe, go wrong by Rules,
In Geſture grave, in Action Fools:
We join Hypocriſie to Pride,
Doubling the Faults, We ſtrive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme Surprize,
We find our ſelves at Sixty wiſe;

And twenty pretty Things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh One;
Whilſt, as my *Syſtem* ſays, the Mind
Is to theſe upper Rooms confin'd:
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd Senſe, her fond Conceit;
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks;
My Poem would be too prolix.
For could I my Remarks ſuſtain,
Like SOCRATES, or MILES MONTAIGNE;
Who in theſe Times would read my Books,
But TOM O' STILES, or JOHN O' NOKES?
As BRENTFORD Kings diſcrete and wiſe,
After long Thought and grave Advice,
Into LARDELLA's Coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their Mirth or Weeping:
So ALMA now to Joy or Grief
Superior, finds her late Relief;
Weary'd of being High, or Great,
And nodding in her Chair of State;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs Chat,
Of WILL did this, and NAN ſaid that;
She finds, poor Thing, ſome little Crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, muſt make;
Thro' which She wings her deſtin'd Way:
Upward She ſoars; and down drops Clay:
While ſome ſurviving Friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred Lies.
O RICHARD, 'till that Day appears,
Which muſt decide our Hopes and Fears,

Would FORTUNE calm her preſent Rage,
And give us Play-things for our Age:
Would CLOTHO waſh her Hands in Milk,
And twiſt our Thread with Gold and Silk:
Would She in Friendſhip, Peace, and Plenty,
Spin out our Years to four times Twenty:
And ſhould We both in this Condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worſe Ambition;
(Elſe thoſe two Paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhow us ſcurvy Play:)
Then RICHARD, then ſhould We ſit down,
Far from the Tumult of this Town:
I fond of my well-choſen Seat,
My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat:
Or ſhould We mix our friendly Talk,
O'er-ſhaded in that Fav'rite Walk;
Which thy own Hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought We wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then one croſs Reflection
Would ſpoil Thy Grove, and My Collection:
Thy Son, and his, e'er that, may die;
And Time ſome uncouth Heir ſupply;
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known,
But ſpoiling All, that Thou haſt done.
Who ſet the Twigs, ſhall He remember,
That is in Haſt to ſell the Timber?
And what ſhall of thy Woods remain,
Except the Box that threw the Main?
Nay may not Time and Death remove
The near Relations, whom I love?

And my Coz TOM, or his Coz MARY
(Who hold the Plough, or skim the Dairy)
My Fav'rite Books and Pictures ſell
To SMART, or DOILEY by the Ell?
Kindly throw in a little Figure,
And ſet the Price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the Grammar,
When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer,
May think Books beſt, as richeſt bound.
My Copper Medals by the Pound
May be with learned Juſtice weigh'd:
To turn the Balance, OTHO's Head
May be thrown in; And for the Mettle,
The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle----
Tir'd with theſe Thoughts-----Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth DICK, with Your Philoſophy-----
That People live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as You.
And if Fate ſpins Us longer Years,
Or is in haſte to take the Shears;
I know, We muſt Both Fortunes try,
And bear our Evils, wet or dry.
Yet let the Goddeſs ſmile, or frown;
Bread We ſhall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink fine *Champaigne*, or muddl'd *Port*.
What need of Books theſe Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot ſpell?
And muſt We Spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked Eye?

Sir, if it be Your Wiſdom's Aim,
To make Me merrier than I am;
I'll be all Night at Your Devotion------
Come on, Friend; broach the pleaſing Notion:
But if You would depreſs my Thought;
Your *Syſtem* is not worth a Groat-----
For PLATO's Fancies what care I?
I hope You would not have me die,
Like ſimple CATO in the Play,
For any Thing that He can ſay?
E'en let Him of *Ideas* ſpeak
To Heathens in his Native GREEK.
If to be ſad is to be wiſe;
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever SOCRATES has ſaid,
Or TULLY writ, or WANLEY read.
Dear DRIFT, to ſet our Matters right,
Remove theſe Papers from my Sight;
Burn MAT's DES-CART', and ARISTOTLE:
Here, JONATHAN, Your Maſter's Bottle.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

A

POEM

In THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repueraſcam, & in cunis vagiam, valdè recuſem. Cic. de Senect.

The *bewailing of Man's Miſeries* hath been elegantly and copiouſly ſet forth by Many, in the Writings as well of Philoſophers, as Divines. And it is both a pleaſant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIII.

THE PREFACE.

IT is hard for a Man to ſpeak of himſelf with any tolerable Satisfaction or Succeſs: He can be no more pleaſed in blaming himſelf, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another: and though He may juſtly deſire, that a Friend ſhould praiſe him; yet if He makes his own Panegyrick, He will get very Few to read it. It is harder for him to ſpeak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit: *the Public are his Judges: by allowing too much, and condeſcending too far, He may injure his own Cauſe, and become a kind of* Felo de ſe; *and by Pleading and Aſſerting too boldly, He may diſpleaſe the Court that ſits upon him: His Apology may only heighten his Accuſation. I would avoid theſe Extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would ſay ſomething to perſuade him to take it as it is, or to excuſe it for not being better.*

The Noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reaſonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, *and other*

other Books commonly attributed to SOLOMON, afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the GREEK, LATIN, or any Modern Language: How far They were Verse in their Original, is a Diſſertation not to be enter'd into at preſent.

Out of this great Treaſure, which lies heap'd up together in a confuſed Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to collect and digeſt ſuch Obſervations, and Apophthegms, as moſt particularly tend to the Proof of that great Aſſertion, laid down in the beginning of the ECCLESIASTES, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the Subject thus choſen, ſuch various Images preſent themſelves to a Writer's Mind, that He muſt find it eaſier to judge, what ſhould be rejected, than what ought to be received. The Difficulty lies in drawing, and diſpoſing; or (as the Painters termit) in grouping ſuch a Multitude of different Objects, preſerving ſtill the Juſtice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the ſimplex duntaxat & unum, which HORACE preſcribes, as requiſite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.

As Precept, however true in Theory, or uſeful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verſe, eſpecially if the Recital be long; I found it neceſſary to form ſome Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didaſcalic, or Heroic, I leave to the Judgment of the Critics; deſiring them to be favourable in their Cenſure; and not ſollicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief Perſonage or Character in the Epic, is always proportioned to the Deſign of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral. HOMER intended to ſhew us in his Iliad, that Diſſentions amongſt

mongſt great Men obſtruct the Execution of the nobleſt Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State or Kingdom. His ACHILLES *therefore is haughty, and paſſionate, impatient of any Reſtraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In His* Odyſſes *the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt Afflictions.* ULYSSES *therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient.* VIRGIL's *Deſign was to tell us, how from a ſmall Colony eſtabliſhed by the* TROJANS *in* ITALY, *the* ROMAN *Empire roſe, and from what antient Families* AUGUSTUS *(who was His Prince and Patron) deſcended. His Hero therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, ſtill diſtinguiſh'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of* ACHILLES, *and adds to the Virtues of* ULYSSES; *from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Perſon of* ÆNEAS.

As VIRGIL *copy'd after* HOMER, *other* Epic *Poets have copied after them both.* TASSO's Gieruſalemme Liberata *is directly* Troy Town *Sacked; with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in* HOMER, *which the* LATIN *Poet had join'd in One, the* ITALIAN *has ſeparated in his* GODFREY *and* RINALDO: *but He makes them both carry on his Work with very great Succeſs.* RONSARD's FRANCIADE, *(incomparably good as far as it goes) is again* VIRGIL's Æneis. *His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, ſettles a Colony and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt* ITALIAN *and* FRENCH *Poets in the* Epic. *In our Language* SPENSER *has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive Manner of Imitation: He lanches out into very*

very flowery Paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great Road. His Fairy Queen *(had it been finiſhed) muſt have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praiſes of his Heroine* GLORIANA. *The Whole would have been an* Heroic *Poem, but in another Caſt and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed Character, and repreſents ſome particular Virtue conducive to the whole Deſign.*

To bring this to our preſent Subject. The Pleaſures of Life do not compenſate the Miſeries: Age ſteals upon Us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This Inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the Action of ſome great Perſon. Who therefore more proper for the Buſineſs, than SOLOMON *himſelf? And why may He not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He acted almoſt three thouſand Years ſince? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow; If endowed with the greateſt Perfections of Nature, and poſſeſs'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happineſs; the reſt of Mankind may ſafely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He aſſerts. And the Author who would perſuade, that We ſhould bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly becauſe* SOLOMON *felt the ſame, has a better Argument, than* LUCRETIUS *had; when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to ſubmit to Death without repining, becauſe* EPICURUS *died.*

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: SOLOMON *is the Perſon that ſpeaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but He tells Us very often what others*

ſay

ſay to Him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are His Rabbies and Philoſophers in the Firſt Book, and His Women and their Attendants in the Second: With Theſe the Sacred Hiſtory mention Him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at leaſt to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

I preſume this Poetical Liberty may be very juſtly allowed Me on ſo ſolemn an Occaſion.

In my Deſcription I have endeavoured to keep to the Notions and Manners of the JEWISH *Nation, at the time when* SOLOMON *lived: And where I allude to the Cuſtoms of the* GREEKS, *I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt* Chronology; *though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that confine an Hiſtorian.* VIRGIL *has anticipated Two hundred Years; or the* TROJAN *Hero and* CARTHAGINIAN *Queen could not have been brought together: And without the ſame* Anachroniſm *ſeveral of the fineſt Parts of his* Æneis *muſt have been omitted. Our Countryman* MILTON *goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images ſome Thouſands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could He otherwiſe have written, or We read one of the ſublimeſt Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the Objection, that ſome Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philoſophy are otherwiſe expreſſed, than can be warranted by the* Geography *or* Aſtronomy *of* SOLOMON's *Time. Poets are allowed the ſame Liberty in their Deſcriptions and Compariſons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Perſonages may be dreſs'd, not exactly in the ſame Habits which they*

wore,

wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe Probability muſt atone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abuſed by Eminent Maſters in either Science. RAPHAEL *and* TASSO *have ſhewed their Diſcretion, where* PAUL VERONESE *and* ARIOSTO *are to anſwer for their Extravagancies. It is the Exceſs, not the Thing it ſelf, that is blameable.*

I would ſay one Word of the Meaſure, in which This, and moſt Poems of the Age are written. Heroic *with continued Rhime, as* DONNE *and his Contemporaries uſed it, tarrying the Senſe of one Verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near Proſe. As* DAVENANT *and* WALLER *corrected, and* DRYDEN *perfected it; It is too Confined: It cuts off the Senſe at the end of every firſt Line, which muſt always rhime to the next following; and conſequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and repreſent the Images proper for* Epic. *And as it tires the Writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the Reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a Poem of any conſiderable length.*

If ſtriking out into Blank Verſe, *as* MILTON *did (and in this kind Mr.* PHILIPS, *had He lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into* Alternate *and* Stanza, *which allows a greater Variety, and ſtill preſerves the Dignity of the Verſe; as* SPENSER *and* FAIRFAX *have done; If either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without preſuming to direct the Judgment*

of

of Others. And while I am ſpeaking of the Verſe it ſelf, I give all juſt Praiſe to many of my Friends now living; who have in Epic *carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Meaſure will permit. But once more; He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.*

I need make no Apology for the ſhort Digreſſive Panegyric *upon* GREAT BRITAIN, *in the Firſt Book: I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my Verſes a Zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I had rather be thought a good* Engliſh-man, *than the beſt Poet, or greateſt Scholar that ever wrote.*

And now, as to the publiſhing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Senſe obſerved HORACE's Nonum prematur in Annum; *yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Lawgiver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the Term preſcribed; but in the mean time I had little Leiſure, and leſs Inclination to reviſe or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Publick Life, in which I have been imployed; my Thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of* Engliſh Poetry *requires: All Theſe, and ſome other Circumſtances which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my Excuſe in this Behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print I had locked up theſe Papers in my* Scritoire, *there to lie in Peace 'till my Executors might have taken Them out. What altered this Deſign; or how my* Scritoire *came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed; is*

the

the Queſtion. The true Reaſon I take to be the beſt: Many of my Friends of the firſt Quality, fineſt Learning, and greateſt Underſtanding, have wreſted the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible Violence: And the Poem is publiſhed, not without my Conſent indeed, but a little againſt my Opinion; and with an implicite Submiſſion to the Partiality of Their Judgment. As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to their Amuſement and Pleaſure; I ſhall always think my ſelf happy, if I may dedicate my moſt ſerious Endeavours to Their Intereſt and Service. And I am proud to finiſh this Preface by ſaying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the Goodneſs of more Friends, whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the Liberty of mentioning My Lord HARLEY *and Lord* BATHURST *as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy, among All Thoſe, whoſe Names do me great Honor at the beginning of my Book, in the Folio Edition: Theſe Two only ought to be angry with me; for I diſobey their poſitive Order, whilſt I make even this ſmall Acknowledgment of their particular Kindneſs.*

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *ſeeking Happineſs from* Knowledge, *convenes the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; diſcourſes of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; propoſes ſome Queſtions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the* Syſtem *of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme* Being. *He is imperfectly anſwered by the* Rabbins, *and Doctors; blames His own Curioſity; and concludes, that as to Human Science,* ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this* BOOK.

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of JERUSALEM. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verſ. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, ſaith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Verſ. 2.

I communed with mine own Heart, ſaying, lo, I am come to great Eſtate, and have gotten more Wiſdom, than all they that have been before me in JERUSALEM: Yea my Heart had great Experience of Wiſdom and Knowledge. Verſ. 16.

He ſpake of Trees, from the *Cedar*-tree that is in LEBANON, even unto the *Hyſſop* that ſpringeth out of the Wall: he ſpake alſo of Beaſts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fiſhes. 1 KINGS, Chap. IV. Verſ. 33.

I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before him. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verſ. 14.

He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his time: Alſo he hath ſet the World in their Heart, ſo that no Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verſ. 11.

For in much Wiſdom is much Grief: and He that increaſeth Knowledge, increaſeth Sorrow. Chap. I. Verſ. 18.

And further, by theſe, my Son, be admoniſhed: of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a wearineſs of the Fleſh. Chap. XII. Verſ. 12.

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious MUSE inſpires him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of its End.
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labors, Tumults, Cares:
And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That We purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

Happineſs, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whoſe dancing Beams miſ-lead our fond Deſire,
Cauſe of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'ſt Thou ever been by Heav'n deſign'd
To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for SOLOMON:
On Me the partial Lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! ere yet Original Man was made;
Ere the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This, ſad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the HEBREW Throne
Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treaſures bleſt,
My Name extended to the fartheſt Eaſt,
My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My ſhining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:

Content

Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,
Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
Its Seed, its Name, its Nature, its Degree
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of LEBANON nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;

While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r? [Breath
Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one
Raiſe this to Strength, and ſicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.

The

The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID's Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory, than that ſimple Flow'r.

Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on JORDAN's Stream
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.
How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.

How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood,
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecific Brood.
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's Boſom, whence the *Bee*
Was firſt inform'd her vent'rous Flight to ſteer
Thro' tractleſs Paths, and an Abyſs of Air.
Whence She avoids the ſlimy Marſh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where ſweeter Herbage grows,
And Hony-making Flow'rs their opening Buds diſ-
How from the thicken'd Miſt, and ſetting Sun [cloſe.
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
Who taught Her againſt Winds and Rains to ſtrive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro the liquid Fields again to paſs
Dutious, and hark'ning to the ſounding Braſs?

And,

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midſt Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By conſtant Journies careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corney Ear,
By what Inſtruction does She bite the Grain,
Leſt hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foreſight of her Care?
Diſtinct in either Inſect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yeſterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they taſt, they ſee,
They ſhow their Paſſions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digeſt his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
Life and her proper Functions to ſuſtain;
Tho' the whole Fabric ſmaller than a Grain.
What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale*, or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the NILE,
The creſted *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,

Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our loſt Purſuit She wills to hide
Her cloſe Decrees, and chaſten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ſtill remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He ſeeks his Keeper's Fleſh, and thirſts his Blood:
While the ſtrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horſe*,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,

Do

Do to the Rider's Will their Rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On ſecret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverſes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeſt that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refuſes thro' theſe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted Path, and covets home;
Does with kind Joy Domeſtic Faces meet;
Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

By what immediate Cauſe They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and ours agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
With ſeeming Thought their Action they intend,
And uſe the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philoſopher avers,
That Reaſon guides our Deed, and Inſtinct theirs.

How

How can We juſtly diff'rent Cauſes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and Reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ignorance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the ſame Folly ſure, Man vaunts his Sway;
If the brute Beaſt refuſes to Obey.
For tell me, when the empty Boaſter's Word
Proclaims himſelf the Univerſal Lord;
Does He not tremble, leſt the *Lion*'s Paw
Should join his Plea againſt the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
If in the Schools or Porches ſhould appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear?*

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the ſwift Veſſel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing:
Forward She ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Conſider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penſile Ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;

I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beaſt, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations paſs their deſtin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
If any ſuffer on the Polar Coaſt,
The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Froſt.

May not the Pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of Theſe ſome ſecret Good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirſty Earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry Buds ſucceeding Birth?
May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a juſt Return,
They feel twelve Hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighb'ring Sun, whoſe conſtant Flame
Enlightens them with Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not Thoſe, whoſe diſtant Lot is caſt
North beyond TARTARY's extended Waſte;
Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
Six ſhining Months purſue their even Way;
And Six ſucceeding urge their dusky Flight,
Obſcur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night:
May not, I ask, the Natives of theſe Climes
(As Annals may inform ſucceeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their own Viciſſitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, diſparted thro' the Year?

May

May they not ſcorn our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow Bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſt'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our Daily Toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our Climes upbraid
Shortneſs of Night, and Penury of Shade:
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſom Sleep, and neceſſary Reſt;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the Solar Beams ſalute their Sight,
Bold and ſecure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remoteſt Wood, and fartheſt Lake;
Manage the Fiſhing, and purſue the Courſe
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
And when declining Day forſakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds ſpeak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Seaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Proceſs, Clamor, Woe,
Which our ſad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the ſhining Lamp, prepare the Feaſt,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Gueſt:
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſt'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleaſure, or repos'd in Eaſe
(Grateful Alternates of ſubſtantial Peace)
They bleſs the long Nocturnal Influence ſhed
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed.

In

In foreign Iſles which our Diſcov'rers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,
The rugged *Bears*, or ſpotted *Lynx*'s Brood,
Affright the Vallies, and infeſt the Wood:
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hiſſing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beaſt,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infeſt.
Deriv'd theſe Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting Boats from next adjacent Shore:
Would Thoſe, from whom We will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs Lands, and Poyſon bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Diſcover'd Iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And ſince the Savage Lineage we muſt trace
From NOAH ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd Race;
How ſhould their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He ſet,
To ſow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unpreſs'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,

Strag-

Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in queſt of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How ſhall We next o'er Earth and Seas purſue
The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of thoſe Materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine Springs, and Parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtop'd gives Birth
To Graſs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher Sphere;
Dilates its Drops, and ſoftens into Air:
Thoſe finer Parts of Air again aſpire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters its Particles; is Fire no more;
But lies reſplendent Duſt, and ſhining Oar;
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes its Shape; puts off its old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts its leſſen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and riſes into Tides.

Diſparted Streams ſhall from their Chanels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy Mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the diſtant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by ſlow Degrees ſhall riſe

Higher

Higher than er'ſt had ſtood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muſt Nature's great Beheſts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus JORDAN's Waves ſhall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age ſhall ask for PISON's Flood:
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL ſtood.

Now where we ſee theſe Changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought theſe cloſe *Meanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ſtrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December*'s Froſt, and white with Snow,
Should puſh, in Spring, ten thouſand thouſand Buds;
And boaſt returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each ſucceſſive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels ſhould to Man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;

Than

Than that each Grain and Seed conſum'd in Earth,
Raiſes its Store, and multiplies its Birth;
And from the handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.
And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit His Decree,
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our World its Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,
Countries by future Plow-ſhares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive Courſe of reſtleſs Age
Performs Three thouſand times its Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be ſuppreſt;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel Weſt?

Where,

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my Soul? what ſees She White and Great
Amidſt ſubjected Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
For Juſtice and for Mercy ſought and known;
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd Nation given:
Yet farther Weſt the Weſtern ISLE extends,
Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets She ſends
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.
From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts reſound,
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
In other INDIES, and a ſecond World.

Long ſhall BRITANNIA (That muſt be her Name)
Be firſt in Conqueſt, and preſide in Fame:
Long ſhall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
Rever'd and Happy She ſhall long remain,
Of human Things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet All muſt with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' laſt, muſt die.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;

Anon

Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chuſing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reaſon now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
Reaſon our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night riſes from his abſent Ray,
And his returning Luſtre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obſcur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder ſometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wiſe, ſend forth your lab'ring Thought;
Le it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and ſcaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Queſtion I receive;
And take the Doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant ſtrong the luſty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Courſe, yet conſtant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finiſhing the Year.

Again when his deſcending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Abſence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams diſtributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face,
Each Planet ſhining in his proper Sphere,
Does with juſt Speed his radiant Voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his Lamp with diff'rent Luſtre crown'd:
Each knows his Courſe with diff'rent Periods bound;
And in his Paſſage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor haſtens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now ſhine theſe Planets with ſubſtantial Rays?
Does innate Luſtre gild their meaſur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have ſhown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand Stars,
Nor caſt in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various Light,
As ſpeaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:
How mean the Order and Perfection ſought
In the beſt Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun to Earth tranſmits his Ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a Day;

How

How ſmall a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of thoſe Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native ſtock of Honor great,
May dart ſtrong Influence, and diffuſe kind Heat,
It ſelf a Sun; and with tranſmiſſive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe;
And other Stars may to thoſe Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flouriſh, and their Oceans roll;
Yet theſe great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Diſtance, or their Height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lie
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We meaſure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix its Centre here or there;
Whilſt its Circumf'rence, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquiſh'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monſters* driv'n,
With which your Gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?

Where

Where will their fictious Images remain?
In Paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Gueſs,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confeſs;
That theſe fair Stars, theſe Objects of Delight
And Terror, to our ſearching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do theſe Worlds diſplay their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to ſerve thy Uſe, to pleaſe thy Pride?
Thy ſelf but Duſt, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; fooliſh Man!
As well may the minuteſt Emmet ſay,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was deſtin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
The vileſt Cockle, gaping on the Coaſt
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at its Foot may lie;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters ſwell,
Only to quench his Thirſt, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)

Embattl'd

Embattl'd Cherub againſt Cherub roſe;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were theſe Forms of which your Volumes tell
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Baniſhment of God;
By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To ſwim in ſulph'rous Lakes, or land on ſolid Fire:
Whilſt Thoſe exalted to primæval Light,
Exceſs of Bleſſing, and Supreme Delight,
Only perceive ſome little Pauſe of Joys
In thoſe great Moments, when their God employs
Their Miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverſe JEHOVAH's high Command,
And ſpeak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the rebellious State in Aſhes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Preſence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
Oh how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?

Spirit

Spirits to Action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external Eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
That theſe had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?
Elſe how could ABRAM waſh their weary'd Feet;
Or SARAH pleaſe their Taſte with ſav'ry Meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did LOT engage
To ſave their Bodies from abuſive Rage?
And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling Angel's Might?
How could a Form its Strength with Matter try?
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By ſtronger Blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By Tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in Whirlwinds loſt?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting Frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;
That whilſt our Bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt We ſtruggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Diſeaſe and Death,
Do They more bleſs'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleaſure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
When Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the Whole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the Name of Creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe, [Laws;
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with
Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams diſplay;
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd Courſe:

Him-

Himſelf, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
Holding, obedient to His high Command,
The deep Abyſs, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This ALPHA and OMEGA, Firſt and Laſt,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has caſt
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if He wills, may change or ſpoil the whole:
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry Roll,
And burn it, like an uſeleſs parchment Scroll:
May from its *Baſis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth ———
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
Who ſole in Pow'r, at the Beginning ſaid;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
And it was ſo —And when He ſhall ordain
In other Sort, has but to ſpeak again,
And They ſhall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlaſting Name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe ———

The learned Elders ſat appal'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech They meditate, nor Anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence ſpake their Shame:
'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And Turn ſuperior to the vulgar Herd,

Began; that Human Learning's furtheſt Reach
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
That Mine to Speak, and Theirs was to Obey:
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE's Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, Thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe
Excelling Thee------

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whoſe perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleſt ſee.

My Prophets, and my Sophiſts finiſh'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not ſo my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the Field

Of

Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To ſpeak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill-grounded Maxims by falſe Gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious Science againſt Reaſon charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverſe Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the ampleſt Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring ſtill Excuſe for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! ſince firſt the bluſhing Sire eſſay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to ſhade;
How does the Crime of thy reſembling Race
With like Attempt that priſtine Error trace?
Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my Sick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd; in vain.

My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labor ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy [weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon, I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly We find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.
Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n?
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is loſt.

Remember, that the curs'd Deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.

Why

Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labour and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *again ſeeking Happineſs, enquires if Wealth and Greatneſs can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſic and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and Troubles of that Paſſion.* SOLOMON *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the Purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TEXTS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this* BOOK.

I ſaid in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleaſure. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houſes, I planted me Vineyards. Verſ. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all kinds of Fruits. Verſ. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Verſ. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Verſ. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the delights of the Sons of Men, as Muſical Inſtruments, and that of all Sorts. Verſ. 8.

I ſought in mine Heart to give my ſelf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wiſdom) and to

to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might ſee what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they ſhould do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Verſ. 3.

Then I ſaid in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, ſo it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more Wiſe? Then I ſaid in my Heart, that this alſo is Vanity. Verſ. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, becauſe the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. Verſ. 27.

Dead Flies cauſe the Ointment to ſend forth a ſtinking Savour: ſo doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wiſdom and Honour. Chap. X. Verſ. 1.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed, but the Memory of the Wicked ſhall rot. PROVERBS, Chap. X. Verſ. 7.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find ſome apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and Pleaſure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endleſs Maze,
Which Doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, ſoft Joy, and careleſs Eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe:
Eſſay amuſing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reaſon ſubject to thy Senſe.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of coſtly Pride.

Artiſts

Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fiſhes, Beaſts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond Birth;
And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH's Earth.
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former Forreſts grew;
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
Rivers diverted from their Native Courſe,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
From large Caſcades in pleaſing Tumult roll'd;
Or roſe thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
From furtheſt AFRICA's tormented Womb
The Marble brought, erects the ſpacious Dome,
Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows, [grows.
On which the planted Grove, and penſile Garden

The Workmen here obey the Maſter's Call,
To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone:
And on the Jaſper Steps to rear the Throne:
The ſpreading *Cedar*, that an Age had ſtood,
Supreme of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining Roof adorns;
And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thouſand Artiſts ſhew their cunning Pow'r,
To raiſe the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thouſand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;

'Till

Till TYRE confeſſes her exhauſted Store,
That on her Coaſt the *Murex* is no more;
Till from the PARIAN Iſle, and LIBYA's Coaſt,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble loſt;
And INDIA's Woods return their juſt Complaint,
Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Deſign with vaſt Expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the Folly of my thoughtleſs Haſt:
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was paſt.

To my new Courts ſad Thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on ſilken Beds I ſought Repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft from purple Couches roſe;
Vexatious Thought ſtill found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and purſu'd my Ways,
Nor ſhut from artful Bow'r, nor loſt in winding Maze.

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Senſe
Indulge; add Muſic to Magnificence:
Eſſay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's Force can tame the furious Beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His Rage; the Lion drop his creſted Main,

Attentive

Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's Feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe Muſic ſure may human Cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my Purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their ſhares of Harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's Noiſe: the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd Me with a ſprightly Lay:
Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladſome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill expreſs'd
Scenes of Repoſe, and Images of Reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd Thought:
But how unequal the Effects it brought?
The ſoft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot:
The ſolemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting Wound.

And now reflecting, I with Grief deſery
The ſickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye,
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the Sound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions ſeem:
What takes our Heart, muſt merit our Eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Muſician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noiſe;
An airy Scene of tranſitory Joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
Would baniſh Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feaſt
Wild Dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd Reſt;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reaſon's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been ſaid, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?
Perhaps the Jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Senſe,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the ſober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault,
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the laſt Regret.

Add

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
Seed of ſevere Diſtruſt, and fierce Debate;
What We ſhould ſhun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoveriſh'd, and the Courſe
Of Health ſuppreſs'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy Sloth, ſevere Diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lie latent in the Draught:
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poys'nous Serpents roll.

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of Mind, and heal the Boſom?----- Love,
Love yet Remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This laſt great Remedy's Myſterious Pow'r.

Why therefore heſitates my doubtful Breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one Moment to be bleſt;
Fly ſwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
Your inſtant Pains to bring your Maſter Joy.

Let

Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd:
Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaſt;
All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
Before their Monarch They ſhall ſingly paſs;
And the moſt Worthy ſhall obtain the Grace.

I ſaid: the Feaſt was ſerv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;
To the King's Pleaſure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came: as Cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On One (O that diſtinguis'd One!) I caſt
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.
Mature the Virgin was of EGYPT's Race:
Grace ſhap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:
Eaſy her Motion ſeem'd, ſerene her Air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Boſom roſe: her Hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the Jetty Curls ten thouſand CUPIDS play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliſs, I ſaid; freſh Roſes bring
To ſtrow my Bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd Spring
Confeſs her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber ſhed,
'Till ARAB has no more. From the ſoft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument, require.

Sounds

Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Maſter's Joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that haſt warm'd the Breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign Dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden Throne
With a ſubmiſſive Step I haſted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the Honors deſtin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty muſt thy ſov'reign Word obey.
Riſe up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

What Pang, alas! what Ecſtaſy of Smart
Tore up my Senſes, and transfix'd my Heart;
When She with modeſt Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended Drowſineſs, and Wiſh of Reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th' Imperfect Feaſt:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper Care
Our Eaſtern Grandeur gives th' impriſon'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd Bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her Perſon, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Diſgrace:
By Turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord:
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or inſtant Death.

Averſe to all her am'rous King deſir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd:
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, ſaid She, King SOLOMON the Wiſe?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.
Free to her ſelf my potent Mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis ſaid, that Thou canſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;
Canſt plead, with ſubtil Wit and fair Diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's Folly, and of Reaſon's Force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou canſt ſhow,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Bleſſings flow.
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
And Truth and Honour on Thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,
With juſt Advice, and timely Counſel fraught?

Where

Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove?
What in one Moment doſt Thou offer? Love—
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife?
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:
And Human Mis'ry muſt begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would DAVID's Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt Bride-bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, Thy Paſſion has theſe Names deſtroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all Diſtinction void;
Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,
His Flames and Torments only are expreſt:
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;
And all his Joys ſolicit my Conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, its parted Root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing Ecſtaſy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows;
Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
The fading Plant bewails its due Supplies:
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force reſtrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.

Thy

Thy uſeleſs Strength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' Thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.
Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL ſhall obey:
But wilful Love Thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful Throne by juſt Degrees;
And if Thou would'ſt be Happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not that thoſe Arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with Truth: with Pleaſure each believ'd.
The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the buſy Angels weigh'd
Its ſolemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and ſpread
The laſting Roll, recording what We ſaid.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poinard ſtain'd:
Take the ſad Life which I have long diſdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-ſtarr'd Paſſion, and My ſtedfaſt Hate.
For long as Blood informs theſe circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath its lateſt Pow'r retains;
Hear me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my Part: be Thine, O King, Deſpair.

Now ſtrike, She ſaid, and open'd bare her Breaſt;
Stand it in JUDAH's Chronicles confeſt,
That DAVID's Son, by impious Paſſion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

Aſham'd, confus'd I ſtarted from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected ſaid:
Into Thy ſelf, fond SOLOMON, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again ſhalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleaſure ſought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my Senſe, and mortify my Pride,
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd,
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Dam'ſel dares diſpute My Pow'r?

To Raviſh Her? That Thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where SOLOMON muſt never come;
To that Inſulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, diſdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantaſtic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape Thy Anger, who refuſe Thy Sway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt Obey.

See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What canſt Thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
Why to ſome ſimple Shepherd does She run,
From the fond Arms of DAVID's Fav'rite Son?
Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
Where Wealth and Pleaſure may Thy Reign ſupport,
To ſome poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow:
Where pinching Want muſt curb her warm Deſires,
And Houſhold Cares ſuppreſs Thy Genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.
His Myſtic Form the Artizans of GREECE
In wounded Stone, or molten Gold expreſs:
And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:
Faſt in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow:
A Quiver by his Side ſuſtains a Store
Of pointed Darts; ſad Emblems of his Pow'r:
A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
Now to be gone; which now again He bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton Ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous Maid:
I felt Him ſtrike; and now I ſee Him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my Wiſhes yet o'ertake thy Speed!

Tir'd may'ſt Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;
Except Thou turn'ſt Thy Courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Dam'ſel back, and ſave the Love-ſick King.

My Soul thus ſtruggling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.

But O how ſhort My Interval of Woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made My ſofter Hours their ſolemn Care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
ABRA, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my Preſence; ABRA went the laſt:
ABRA was ready ere I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that ABRA ſerv'd ſo well.
To Me her Actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;

'Till

'Till more appriz'd of what the Rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his Weſtern Ray;
When tir'd with Buſineſs of the ſolemn Day,
I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
I call'd, before I ſat, to waſh My Hands:
For ſo the Precept of the Law commands.
LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA's Turn
To mix the Sweets, and miniſter the Urn.

With awful Homage, and ſubmiſſive Dread
The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
To pour the Oils: She trembled as She pour'd;
With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide a ſudden Sigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt Thou have Dread, or Pain?
What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all its Care,
Haſt Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little Heart
Ne'er felt LOVE's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abaſh'd She bluſh'd, and with Diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;

O! while She tells it, let him not put on
The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
O! let not Death ſevere in Glory lie
In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer Pain;
If the King ſmiles, whilſt I my Woe recite;
If weeping I find Favor in His Sight;
Flow faſt my Tears, full riſing his Delight.

O! Witneſs Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If Madneſs may the Name of Paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Deſpair.

Thou Soy'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret Will controlls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!
Why haſt Thou plac'd ſuch infinite Degrees
Between the Cauſe and Cure of my Diſeaſe?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd ABRA muſt expire,
Had He been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's Froſt, and Summer's Sun,
Still asking, where He made his Flock to reſt at [Noon.
For him at Night, the dear expected Gueſt,
I had with haſty Joy prepar'd the Feaſt;

And

And from the Cottage, o'er the diſtant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
Way'ring, impatient, toſs'd by Hope and Fear;
'Till He and Joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Maſter near.
On my declining Neck, and open Breaſt,
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely Youth to Reſt;
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With ſofteſt Care have ſtoln my Arm away;
To riſe, and from the Fold releaſe the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
(For ſure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had bleſt my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:
Without a Crime my Paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA's Queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
To take the fragrant Kiſſes of his Mouth,
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
Likening his Grace, his Perſon, and his Mien
To all that Great or Beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as ſolar Beams
Reflecting temper'd Light from Cryſtal Streams;

Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Boſom fair
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
Than Eaſtern Coral, or the Scarlet Thread;
Even his Teeth, and white like a young Flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear Brook
Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
Iv'ry with Saphirs interſpers'd, explains
How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.
Columns of poliſh'd Marble firmly ſet
On golden Baſes, are his Legs and Feet.
His Stature all Majeſtic, all Divine,
Straight as the Palmtree, ſtrong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments ſhed:
And everlaſting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Die, ABRA, die: too plainly haſt Thou ſaid
Thy Soul's Deſire to meet his High Embrace,
And Bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future Race;
To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring Heart for ever ſhall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
O! yet my tortur'd Senſes deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As

As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her Seat;
And SOLOMON once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to Err.

This ABRA then ——————
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I intreated Her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd Her often; for She always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs
(For firſt I ſought Her but at looſer Hours)
The Apples She had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake She kneaded was the fav'ry Meat:
But Fruits their Odor loſt, and Meats their Taſte;
If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feaſt.
Diſhonor'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand:
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raiſing their Voices to the Maſter-Lyre;
Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little Skill:

Nor could my Soul approve the Muſic's Tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and ABRA Sung alone.
Fairer She ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better Mien diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
To juſter Bounds confin'd its riſing Pride:
The bluſhing Ruby on her ſnowy Breaſt,
Render'd its panting Whiteneſs more confeſs'd:
Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundneſs to her Arm;
And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.
Her Senſes pleas'd, her Beauty ſtill improv'd;
And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral Follies of my former Flame;
Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lie in proſp'rous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from ABRA can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The Damſel's ſole Ambition is to pleaſe:
With Freedom I may like, and quit with Eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my Mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
How by Himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own Strength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe Pow'r;
And by the Blaſt of Self-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.

On

On Pleaſure's flowing Brink We idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning Way:
Seeing no Danger, We diſarm our Mind;
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer Waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong Guſts of raging Paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire Tempeſt mingles Earth and Skies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs Ocean born,
Our fooliſh Confidence too late We mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
And from our troubl'd View the leſſen'd Lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
How ſhall the human Boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
Or Wiſdom to our caution'd Soul declare
The diff'rent Shapes, Thou pleaſeſt to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dreſt,
To-day encounters our unguarded Breaſt:
She looks with Majeſty, and moves with State:
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
She ſcorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilſt we take ſtern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;

Charm'd

Charm'd with the Courage in her Action ſhown,
We praiſe her Mind, the Image of our own.
She that can pleaſe, is certain to perſuade:
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee thro' Reaſon's Optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye, whilſt We applaud her Mind;
And when We ſpeak Her great, We wiſh Her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou arm'ſt the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and diſhevel'd Hair:
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softneſs warms the honeſt Breaſt:
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
And whilſt our Wiſh prepares the kind Relief;
Whilſt Pity mitigates her riſing Grief:
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious Care;
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Deſpair;
And againſt Love too late thoſe Boſoms arm,
Which Tears can ſoften, and which Sighs can warm.

Againſt this neareſt crueleſt of Foes,
What ſhall Wit meditate, or Force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble Nature, ſhall We ſummon Aid;
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
External Remedy ſhall We hope to find,
When the cloſe Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
Inſulting there does Reaſon's Pow'r deride;
And blind Himſelf, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my lovely ABRA held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It ſought its Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, She chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Abſence made the Night: her Preſence brought
the Day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns ſucceed.
For Her I make the Song: the Dance with Her I lead;
I court Her various in each Shape and Dreſs,
That Luxury may form, or Thought expreſs.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In DEBORAH's Arms and Habit ABRA reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conqueſt guides her Brow:
And low, like BARAK, at her Feet I bow.
The Mimic Chorus ſings her proſp'rous Hand;
As She had ſlain the Foe, and ſav'd the Land.

To-morrow She approves a ſofter Air;
Forſakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful ABIGAIL aſſumes;
And from the Village with the Preſent comes:
The Youthful Band depoſe their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my Father's Step and Mien,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly ABRA's Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;

Soon

Soon as the Sun awakes, the ſprightly Court
Leave their Repoſe, and haſten to the Sport.
In leſſen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JERUSALEM, deſcends to wait,
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA's, and ARABIA's Breed,
Suſtains the Nymph: her Garments flying looſe
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN uſe)
And half her Knee, and half her Breaſt appear,
By Art, like Negligence, diſclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courſer's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Ruffles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front diſplay
An artificial Moon's increaſing Ray.
DIANA, Huntreſs, Miſtreſs of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABRA ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent Goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingl'd Chorus ſings DIANA's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Myſtic Praiſe: the vocal Triumphs bound
Againſt the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thouſand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the watr'y Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Iſle.

A golden Chariot in the Midſt is ſet;
And ſilver Cygnets ſeem to feel its Weight.
ABRA, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy Throne,
In ſemblance of the GRÆCIAN VENUS known:
TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round her move;
And ſing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilſt as th' approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds ſpeak mighty VENUS near;
I, her Adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the Wave.

O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
Is it enough, that ABRA ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy,
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt:
ABRA invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.
To have the Honor of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
ARABIA's Wilds, and ÆGYPT's are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the *Phenix* 'ſcapes ———
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and ABRA's Praiſe.

And

And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And now her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.
They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends
Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of Legal Princes, and of honeſt Courts,
BARZILLAI's, and the fierce BENAIAH's Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old CORAH's Brood, and taunting SHIMEI's Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID's Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his Face.

Still

Still ABRA's Pow'r, my Scandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what ABRA pleas'd:
Her Will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She lateſt ſpoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded Heart.
ABRA poſſeſs'd; She was its better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cauſe,
Which gave my righteous Youth ſo juſt Applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and ſly Perſuaſion hung;
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd Child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as ABRA frown'd, or ſmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries addreſs the Throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded File;
And ſleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How MOSES govern'd, and how DAVID fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or loſt in Drink and Game the ſolid Day:

Poreſes

Porches and Schools, deſign'd for public Good,
Uncover'd and with Scaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threatning Ruin———
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artiſts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfiniſh'd———

The Wiſe and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Miſchiefs of a ſinking State.
Is this, the Serious ſaid, is this the Man,
Whoſe active Soul thro' ev'ry Science ran?
Who by juſt Rule and elevated Skill
Preſcrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whoſe Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expreſſive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
Our Youth's Inſtruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wiſe his wild Deſires reſtrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!
What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay
(As crown'd with Roſes at their Feaſts they lay)
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,
And Charms ſuperior to their Maſter's Fame:
Laughing ſome praiſe the King, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:

Some

Some gloſs'd, how Love and Wiſdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wiſdom's Curſe,
To ABRA yields: could I, or Thou do worſe?
Our looſer Lives let Chance or Folly ſteer:
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair:
And touch the Lute, and ſound the wanton Air:
Let us the Bliſs without the Sting receive,
Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on Levity's ſmooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that ſinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thouſand He has made.

Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our Wiſdom We our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If JUDAH's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;
And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more ſtrictly bound.

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign?

While

While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to controul.
Yes; thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,
No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear its wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief
From my Deſpair alone ———
I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labor'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.

I always ſhould, It ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more: It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me; but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,
This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the [World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll?
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt Thou ſuſtain?
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABRA's Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from ISRAEL's Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?

How

How oft, all Night, purſu'd her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love,
In my ſwoln Boſom, with long War had ſtrove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger Courſe:
Lay'd all the civil Bonds of Manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd Ruin as the Torrent paſt.

So from the Hills, whoſe hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and ſwelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds diſdain;
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppoſe:
Towns, Foreſts, Herds, and Men promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the dreary Ground:
The echo'd Woes from diſtant Rocks reſound.

And now, what impious Ways my Wiſhes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and ſad Retreats of Ill;
How JUDAH's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my proſtituted Bed receives:
Thro' Tribes of Women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;

And

And by the Inſtinct of capricious Luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their ſad *Epitome* alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure Belief, [Grief.
That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er

Bury'd in Sloth, and loſt in Eaſe I lay:
The Night I revell'd; and I ſlept the Day.
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguiſh'd young Deſires.
By its own Force deſtroy'd, Fruition ceas'd,
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
Its wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or ſet the Falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
Where ſpringing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By ſad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dies;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.

In

In Regal Garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the PERSIAN Damſel's haughty Pride.
Now with the looſer SYRIAN dance, and ſing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire,
And ſhape my Fooliſhneſs to their Deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
At DAGON's Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
With the CHALDEAN's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincenſe aſcends to BAAL.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dreſs,
And ſerve Her God, whoſe Perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded Senſe, was Reaſon flown?
Where the high Majeſty of DAVID's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?
When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In ISRAEL's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beaſtly Divinities, and Droves of Gods:
OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd its Aid:
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell;
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:

When

When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.
I found my Subjects amicably join,
To leſſen their Defects by citing Mine.
The Prieſt with Pity pray'd for DAVID's Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.
The Father, whilſt he warn'd his erring Son,
The ſad Examples which He ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not SOLOMON.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A Wiſe Child better than a fooliſh King.

Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod,
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on my Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
O'er JUDAH's King ten thouſand Tyrants reign,
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:

And He, from whom the Nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and Freedom, lies Himſelf a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Deſires,
Laſh'd by mad Rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reaſon! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wiſdom, Thou ſay'ſt, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams tranſmitted to the ſubject Earth.
Yet this great Empreſs of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
If reſtleſs Paſſion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Uſurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worſe Extremes with ſwifter Steps would run,
Not ſav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I ſaid; the Praiſe of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Ointment to the Smell.
Now if ſome Flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the Alabaſter Urn ſhou'd fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd, would die;
And Stench corrupt (ſad Change!) their Place ſupply.
So the leaſt Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt

Loſt SOLOMON! purſue this Thought no more:
Of thy paſt Errors recollect the Store:
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the Juſt; ſhall o'er their Head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh Hand; She ſhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame
Impartial, ſcatter Damps and Poiſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion ſing
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful, all and vain.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *conſiders Man through the ſeveral Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that We are all Miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatneſs and Power; gives ſome Inſtances thereof from* ADAM *down to Himſelf; and ſtill concludes that* ALL *is* VANITY. *He reaſons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his Doubts; has Recourſe to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what ſhall happen to Himſelf, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of* ISRAEL: *and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.*

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this* BOOK.

Or ever the Silver Cord be looſed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Ciſtern. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 6.

The Sun ariſeth, and the Sun goeth down, and haſteth to his Place where He aroſe. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verſ. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again, according to his Circuit. Verſ. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verſ. 7.

Then ſhall the Duſt return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 7.

Now when SOLOMON had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and conſumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices;

crifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the Houſe. II. CHRONICLES, Chap. VII. Verſ. 1.

By the Rivers of BABYLON, there We ſat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion, &c. PSALM CXXXVII. Verſ. 1.

I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 2.

No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verſ. 11.

Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before Him. Verſ. 14.

Let us hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 13.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that Name,
Thou buſie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how cam'ſt Thou to be, or whence Thy Spring?
For various of Thee Prieſts and Poets ſing.

Hear'ſt Thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly Birth?
Some ſep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature muſt beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;

Com-

Companion of the Body's Good or Ill;
From Force of Inſtinct more than Choice of Will;
Conſcious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courſes of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth doſt flouriſh, and with Age ſhalt fail;
Till mingled with thy Partner's lateſt Breath
Thou fly'ſt, diſſolv'd in Air, and loſt in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiſtence would aſpire
To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark ſtruck off, a ſep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve its Frailties, and its Pains to feel;
To teach it Good and Ill, Diſgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
To guide its Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Courſe of human Age;
'Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Priſon's mould'ring Walls;
Hovers a-while upon the ſad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go
(Points which We rather may diſpute, than know)

Come

Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breaſt,
Which for Thy Sake from Paſſions I diveſt:
For theſe, Thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repoſe, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perſuade:
Be thy Affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amaſs'd in Man there juſtly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beaſts the Senſe,
The Angel's Foreca ſt and Intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious Seeds what Harveſt flows:
Recount our Bleſſings, and compare our Woes.
In its true Light let cleareſt Reaſon ſee
The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpleſs and Naked on a Woman's Knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may pleaſe;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Diſeaſe.
His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;
His Heart aſſaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;
To his young Senſe how various Forms appear,
That ſtrike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
By his Diſtortions he reveals his Pains;
He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
'Till Time and Uſe aſſiſt the Infant Wretch,
By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,

His

His Wants in plainer Characters to ſhow,
And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe,
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh Years
To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;
To paſs the riper Period of his Age,
Acting his Part upon a crouded Stage;
To laſting Toils expos'd, and endleſs Cares,
To open Dangers, and to ſecret Snares;
To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
And the more dangerous Love of ſeeming Friends.
His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd Debate,
Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's Seat
Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
And Trees and Beaſts prefer to Courts and Men?
In the remoteſt Wood and lonely Grott
Certain to meet that worſt of Evils, Thought;
Diff'rent IDEAS to his Mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathleſs Woods;
Impetuous ſome, as the deſcending Floods:
With anxious Doubts, with raging Paſſions torn,
No ſweet Companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himſelf the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path ſoe'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the preſent Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why ſeek We Brightneſs from the Years to come?

Diſturb'd and broken like a Sick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to diſtant Proſpects leap:
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Thoſe that wake:
But looking back, We ſee the dreadful Train
Of Woes, a-new which were We to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the Path again.
Still adding Grief, ſtill counting from the Firſt;
Judging the lateſt Evils ſtill the worſt;
And ſadly finding each progreſſive Hour
Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
'Till by one countleſs Sum of Woes oppreſt,
Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Reſt,
We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We re-turn;
Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again We muſt To-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labor, and to die.

Paſs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
The Bear, the Lion, Terrors of the Plain,
The Sheepfold ſcatter'd, and the Shepherd ſlain;
The frequent Errors of the pathleſs Wood,
The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
The noiſom Peſt'lence, that in open War
Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,

And

And scatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings its Flight;
The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,
And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
Canker or Locust hurtful to infest
The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel Stone, with congregated War
Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksome Life;
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,
The sad Experience of Decay; and Age,
Her self the soarest Ill; while Death, and Ease,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appease,
Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede
From the vext Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of its feeble Master's Will.

Nought ſhall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleaſing Song, or well repeated Tale;
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
And numbing Coldneſs has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Riſing of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,
The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shore,
Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more;
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lie.
Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain:
But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful Viciſſitude: He ſtill muſt mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
Sees his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for Breath his panting Boſom heaves:
To broken Sleeps his remnant Senſe He gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the ſilver Cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board
The Cryſtal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And after Utenſils their Place ſupply.
Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare One equal Lot;
Die, and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;

While

While ſtill another, and another Race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return;
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view We Man with Health and Vigor bleſt.
Home He returns with the declining Sun,
His deſtin'd Task of Labor hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.
Hap'ly at Night He does with Horror ſhun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
His Neighbor's Off-ſpring He To-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Houſhold Ills:
The due Reward to juſt Deſert refus'd:
The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd:
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtru'd Laws.
The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Eſteem We theſe, my Friends, Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms form their ſtutt'ring Dance?

Or

Or higher yet their Eſſence may We draw
From deſtin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel Doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from Accident, or Fate?
Yet ſuch, We find, they are, as can controul
The ſervile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still preſs'd with Weight of Woe, ſtill hopes to find
A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt She may Her ſelf deceive,
Againſt Experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Braſs, or wounded Marble ſhows
Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
But O! beyond Deſcription happieſt He,
Who ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

Who

Who with bleſs'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming Womb,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor ſink into the Tomb.

Who breathes, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And He alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general Maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot Pow'r ſecure its Owner's Bliſs?
" And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
" Are Victors bleſs'd with Fame, or Kings with Eaſe?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.

" But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
" From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raiſe my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet Life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very Fear of Death ſhall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wiſhing on Earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its Prey from the devouring Grave;

To thoſe who may ſurvive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
Falſe Hope! vain Labor! let ſome Ages fly:
The Dome ſhall moulder, and the Volume die:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will Ye think it ſtrange,
That all the Parts of this great Fabrick change;
Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And loſe their Shape, their Eſſence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
Our Lot is Sorrow; and our Portion Pain.

[bring
What Pauſe from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort
The Name of Wiſe or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd ſome angry Faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Eaſe:
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nouriſh'd in Flatt'ry, and eſtrang'd from Truth:
At Home ſurrounded by a ſervile Croud,
Prompt to abuſe, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears:
Marching amidſt a thouſand Guards, He ſhows
His ſecret Terror of a thouſand Foes;
In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:

Seeking

Seeking to settle what for ever flies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow;
Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow:
The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
The joyful Citizens tumultuous Tide
Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.
What is this Triumph? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,
One great Collection of the People's Voice.
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show
National Loss, and Epidemick Woe,
Various Distress, which He and His may know.
Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
Or the Wolve's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crouding round the gilded Car!
In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
And Popular Change obscur'd a-mid the Dust,

That

That riſes from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or ſhrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or leſſen'd in the Noiſe;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air [Chair?
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and ſhake the Iv'ry

Yon' Croud (He might reflect) yon' joyful Croud,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praiſes loud
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquiſh'd go;
Should She depreſs my Arms, and raiſe the Foe)
Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crouded Gate;
With reſtleſs Rage would pull my Statues down;
And caſt the Braſs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Deſire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrows Pomp one Part appear,
Ghaſtly with Wounds, and lifeleſs on the Bier!
Then (Vileneſs of Mankind!) then of all Theſe,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great
Waſh my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hoſtile Car,
The Victor's Paſtime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own He was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?

To

To know with more Diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior Senſe in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with ſtricteſt Eye,
Where ſafe from Time diſtinguiſh'd Actions lie;
And judge if Greatneſs be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleaſure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The faireſt Bleſſing to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden Promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next His Journey to purſue,
Where wounding Thorns, and curſed Thiſtles grew.
E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat muſt flow:
His Limbs muſt ake, with daily Toils oppreſs'd;
E'er long-wiſh'd Night brings neceſſary Reſt:
Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
He for Her Follies, and His own muſt grieve.
Bewailing ſtill a-freſh their hapleſs Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
Of Heav'n, when firſt it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghaſt, as when the Infant Lightning flew;
And the ſtern CHERUB ſtop'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.

His

His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
Firſt Fruit of Death, lies Plaintif of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldeſt Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why theſe Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age ſinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The Son ſtill added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD aroſe, and great in Anger ſaid:
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyſs, Ye Waters, riſe!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempeſts and Storm, obedient to his Word.
Mean time, His Providence to NOAH gave
The Guard of All, that He deſign'd to ſave.
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall ſilent; and the Waves decreaſe:
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
Yet ſtill His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
If on the backward World his Views are caſt;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and univerſal Waſte.
Preſent (ſad Proſpect!) can He Ought deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)

The Beauties of the Antient Fabric loſt,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coaſt?
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and ſav'd from Nations drown'd;
And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The Seed, whence Empires muſt receive their Birth,
One He foreſees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curſes, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
Of Human Ills muſt bear the deſtin'd Load;
By Blood and Battles muſt his Pow'r maintain,
And ſlay the Monarchs, ere He rules the Plain;
Muſt deal juſt Portions of a ſervile Life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peeviſh Wife;
Muſt with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
To trembling MORIAM's melancholy Top,
Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
Deſtroy his Heir, or diſobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyſs of Light;
While preſent, too ſevere for Human Sight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd Night.

The

The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilſome Deed.
His Youth with Wants and Hardſhips muſt engage:
Plots and Rebellions muſt diſturb his Age.
Some CORAH ſtill aroſe, ſome Rebel Slave,
Prompter to ſink the State, than He to ſave:
And ISRAEL did his Rage ſo far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the Prophet broke.
His Voice ſcarce heard, his Dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt Law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He ſaw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood muſt engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
By various Turns his threaten'd Youth muſt fear
GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
Forlorn He muſt, and perſecuted fly;
Climb the ſteep Mountain, in the Cavern lie;
And often ask, and be refus'd to die.

For ever, from His manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguiſh of a Crown.
What Tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs Monarch's Woes;
When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
The Parent's Sins impreſs'd upon the dying Child?

What Heart can think the Grief which He ſuſtain'd;
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection ſhed
Its pois'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
Yet the unwilling Truth muſt be expreſs'd;
Which long has labor'd in this penſive Breaſt:
Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
Left his unfiniſh'd Murder to his Son,
And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
Of his fair Deeds a diſtant View I took;
But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
Forgot his Youth, ſpent in his Country's Cauſe,
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace;
Could follow Him, where-e'er He ſtray'd from Good,
And cite his ſad Example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purſue.

In

In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He ſhould have fell;
But that my Intereſt did my Rage conceal.
Doubling my Crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, Perſuaſions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
With a mean Lye curs'd Vengeance I ſuſtain;
Join Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd Fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn State to Parricide I riſe;
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witneſs to my Tears, Celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal Blood by my Direction ſpilt;
In vain on JOAB's Head transfer the Guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
Years of Contrition muſt the Crime atone:
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth ſuperior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;

From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Courſe of Vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the ſtill Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmoſt Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that riſes from the kindling Fires
Is ſeen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by riſing Winds are toſt,
Their fleeting Forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our State: ſo paſs our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to die.

Cure of the Miſer's Wiſh, and Coward's Fear,
Death only ſhews Us, what We knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitleſs Sorrow mourn;
But die, O Mortal Man! for Thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wiſe,
To ſuch Advice the Reas'ner ſtill replies.

Ye

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive Day's repeated Race,
Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtin Goal,
'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Join'd to my Body ſwell'd the Womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) Nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceaſing, conſigns Me o'er to Reſt, and Death?
Muſt the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
And never ſhall thoſe Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt They join the general Maſs,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Senſe, ordain,
That Life ſhall never wake that Senſe again?
And will no Pow'r his ſinking Spirits ſave
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the [Grave?

Each Evening I behold the ſetting Sun
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
Yet the ſame Light (paſs but ſome fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
Starts the bright Race again: His conſtant Flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the Same.
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
Theſe neither Seaſons guide, nor Order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
Various their Speed, but endleſs is their Courſe.

From his firſt Fountain and beginning Ouze,
Down to the Sea each Brook and Torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry Drops or leave, or ſwell the Stream;
The Whole ſtill runs, with equal Pace, the Same.
Still other Waves ſupply the riſing Urns;
And the eternal Flood no Want of Water mourns.

Why then muſt Man obey the ſad Decree,
Which ſubjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn ariſe,
And flouriſhing the Day, at Evening dies;
A winged Eaſtern Blaſt, juſt skimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and ſinking on the Shore;
A Fire, whoſe Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
A Meteor ſhooting from the Summer Sky;
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;
A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Midnight Dream
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Courſe: But, O my Soul! ſo faſt
Muſt Life run off; and Death for ever laſt?

This dark Opinion, ſure, is too confin'd:
Elſe whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something ſtill, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Puniſhment, Delight or Pain?
Say: ſhall our Relicks ſecond Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake, and only die to live?

When the ſad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
Lies the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The groſſer Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time deſtroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Subſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety teach her priſtine Seat?
Find her Reſt endleſs, and her Bliſs compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to ſee His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and ſeditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and bliſsful Heav'n,
In everlaſting Darkneſs muſt She lie,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot die?

Amid Two Seas on One ſmall Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We ſtand:
On either Side our Thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
Loſing the Preſent in this dubious Haſt;
And loſt Our ſelves betwixt the Future, and the Paſt.

Theſe cruel Doubts contending in my Breaſt,
My Reaſon ſtagg'ring, and my Hopes oppreſs'd,

Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe Evils, that obſtruct our Eaſe?
We Happineſs purſue; We fly from Pain;
Yet the Purſuit, and yet the Flight is vain:
And, while poor Nature labors to be bleſt,
By Day with Pleaſure, and by Night with Reſt;
Some ſtronger Pow'r eludes our ſickly Will;
Daſhes our riſing Hope with certain Ill;
And makes Us with reflective Trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows eaſe?
And can our Tears reverſe His firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reaſon fails:
Throw Loads of Incenſe in, to turn the Scales;
And let the ſilent Sanctuary ſhow,
What from the babling Schools We may not know,
How Man may ſhun, or bear his deſtin'd Part of Woe.

What ſhall amend, or what abſolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
Or boundleſs Terms, whoſe doubtful Senſe confounds.

Un-

Unequal Thought; whilſt All We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes muſt riſe, our Sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I ſaid; ——— and inſtant bad the Prieſts prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and ſolemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls aſcend the Sacred Way.
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breathe the Flute, or ſtrike the vocal Wire.
The Maids in comely Order next advance;
They beat the Timbrel, and inſtruct the Dance.
Follows the choſen Tribe from LEVI ſprung,
Chanting by juſt Return the holy Song.
Along the Choir in Solemn State they paſt,
——— The Anxious King came laſt.
The ſacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,

Father of Heav'n! I ſaid, and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe Word call'd out this Univerſe to Birth;
By whoſe kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-ſcient Maſter, Omni-preſent King,
To Thee, to Thee, my laſt Diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempeſts ceaſe;

Redeem

Redeem my ſhip-wreck'd Soul from raging Guſts
Of cruel Paſſion, and deceitful Luſts:
From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy ſtrong Hand this little Veſſel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
Direct my Courſe, and bring me ſafe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Fleſh draws fleeting Breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of Delight, or Pauſe from anxious Woe;
From *Now*, from inſtant *Now*, great Sire, diſpel
The Clouds that preſs my Soul; from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inſpire
My Tongue to ſing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
My open'd Thought to joyous Proſpects raiſe;
And, for Thy Mercy, let me ſing Thy Praiſe.
Or, if Thy Will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
And raiſe my Mind ſuperior to my Care.
Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confeſs Thy awful Pow'r;
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring ſtill Adore.
So in my Conqueſt be Thy Might declar'd:
And, for Thy Juſtice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air; loud Thunder ſhakes the Dome:

To

To the beginning Miracle ſucceed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day
The ſacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows ———
Ambroſial Odor, ſuch as never flows
From ARAB's Gum, or the SABÆAN Roſe;
Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuſe:
The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
Celeſtial Muſic (ſuch JESSIDES' Lyre,
Such MIRIAM's Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
With Ecſtaſy too fine, and Pleaſure hard to bear:
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd Eye? what feels
My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
An Heav'nly Form embody'd, and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel ſaid:

Ceaſe, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppreſs thy Paſſions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and Familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decreaſe; and haſten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Succeſſive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,

That

That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whoſe Succeſs thy Hope is bound,
Ere thou art ſcarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Luſt of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curſed Poiſon to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And loſe his great Defence, his People's Love.
Ill Counſell'd, Vanquiſh'd, Fugitive, Diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB's Strength effac'd.
Shall ſigh, the King diminiſh'd, and the Crown
With leſſen'd Rays deſcending to his Son.
Shall ſee the Wreaths, His Grandſire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining incline their ſickly Leaves, and ſhed
Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
By Arms, or Pray'r unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic Horror, and inteſtine Rage,
Shall from the Victor and the Vanquiſh'd fear,
From ISRAEL's Arrow, and from JUDAH's Spear:
Shall caſt his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN's Flood,
By Brother's Arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with Kindred-
[Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years ſhall weep their deſtin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens, ſully'd with Diſgrace.
Time by Neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
The Empire leſſen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall loſe its Courſe ———
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme:

JUDAH

JUDAH ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men ſhall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New ÆGYPTS yet, and ſecond Bonds remain,
A harſher PHARAOH, and a heavier Chain.
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons ſhall leave the promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

Theſe pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
Inglorious Change! ſhall in Deſtruction lie
Low, levell'd with the Duſt; their Heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For laſting Glory built, deſign'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred Load
Of Gold and Veſſels ſet a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Uſe debas'd;
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken Feaſt,
With ſacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jeſt.

Twice fourteen Ages ſhall their Way complete:
Empires by various Turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While Thy abandon'd Tribes ſhall only know
A diff'rent Maſter, and a Change of Woe:
With down-caſt Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghaſt,
Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Paſt.

Afflicted

Afflicted ISRAEL ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aſpiring but to Reſt.
In the reflective Stream the ſighing Bride,
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abaſh'd ſhall hide
Her penſive Head; and in her languid Face
The Bridegroom ſhall fore-ſee his ſickly Race:
While pond'rous Fetters vex their cloſe Embrace.
With irkſome Anguiſh then your Prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected Feaſts deſpair'd Return,
And ſad Oblivion of their ſolemn Days.
Thenceforth their Voices They ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
Shall call for Fountains to expreſs their Tears;
And wiſh their Eyes were Floods: by Night from Dreams
Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the People ſhow [Woe.
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Myſtic Types of

The Captives, as their Tyrant ſhall require,
That They ſhould breathe the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall ſay: can JACOB's ſervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Muſic, and diſus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They ſhall diſcourſe) how ſing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread

The

The arbitrary Laſh, to bend, to grieve
(Out-caſt of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toil'd the longſome Day;
The fulleſt Bliſs our Hearts aſpire to know,
Is but ſome Interval from active Woe;
In broken Reſt, and ſtartling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleaſure be our Theme?
Our endleſs Anguiſh does not Nature claim?
Reaſon, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleaſure's Sire:
Madneſs, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reaſon's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Diſtance is too high.
The Man who would reſolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Straight:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Senſe;
Nor let Duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and Man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life muſt His Decrees fulfill;
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senſes may not droop,
Loſt to Delight, and deſtitute of Hope;
Remark what I, God's Meſſenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad Captivity return.
SION ſhall raiſe her long dejected Head;
And in her Courts the Law again be read.
Again the glorious Temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new Luſtre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
The promis'd Seat of Empire ſhall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain;
And from Thy Race diſtinguiſh'd, ONE ſhall ſpring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
In Dignity and Pow'r, ſent down from Heav'n,
To ſuccour Earth. To HIM, to HIM, 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' HIM ſoft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow,
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

NOW, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be ſtrong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to Others, Thy Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, Firſt of Men, be Beſt.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!

Be Humble, and be Juſt. The Angel ſaid:
With upward Speed His agile Wings He ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy Ground I proſtrate lay.
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:

Supreme, Allwiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, Sole Diſpoſer of our Fate!
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plaſtic Hand
Diſpoſe its own Effect. Let Thy Command
Reſtore, Great Father, Thy Inſtructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.

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